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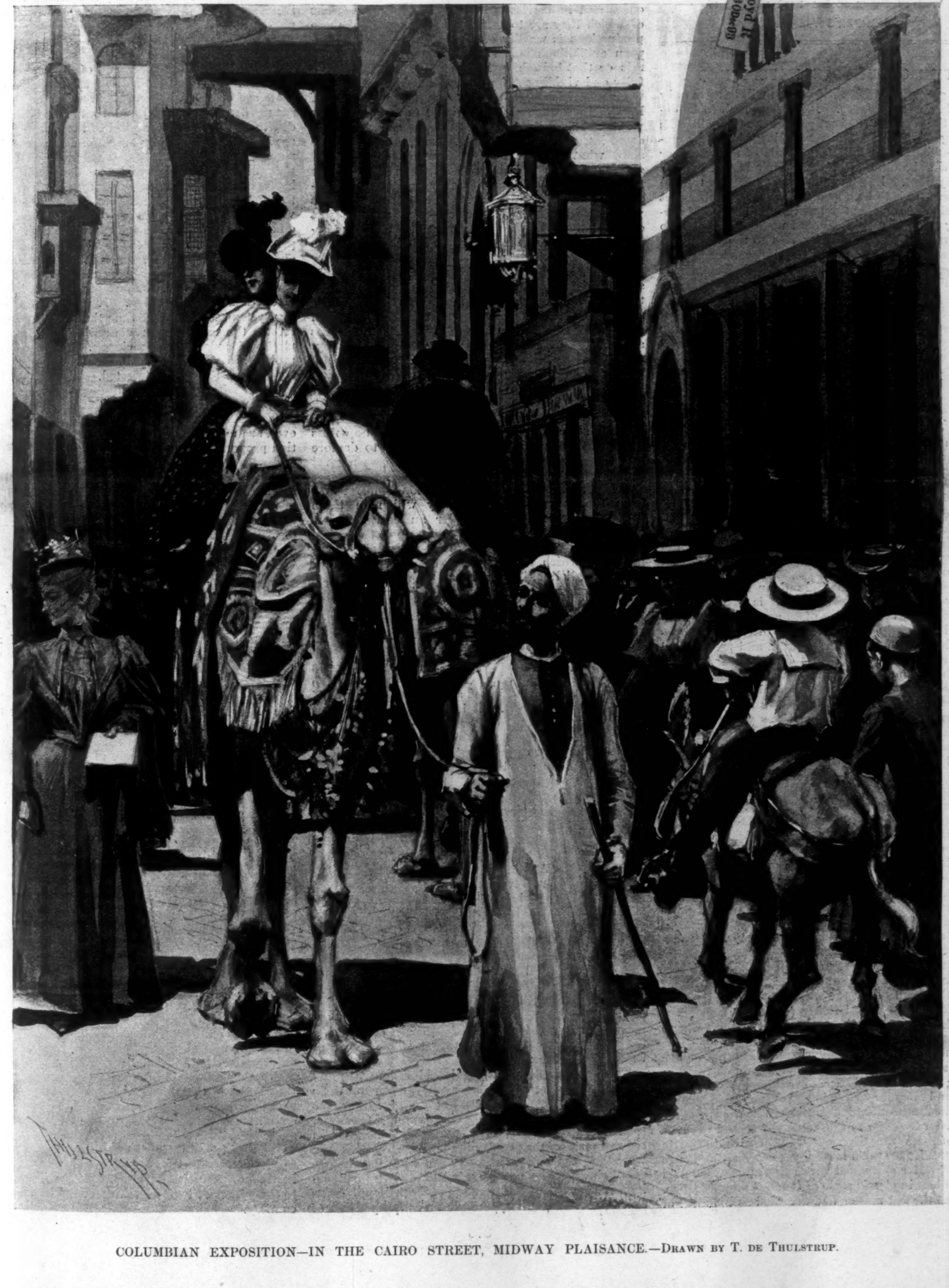

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN THE CAIRO STREET, MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
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A SHORT SERIAL,
entitled
"The Moonshiners at Hoho-hebee Falls"
in two parts
By Mary N. Murfree,
Will be begun in the next number of
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE great Columbian Exposition will be open only a few weeks longer. It is very much to be deplored that during the best part of the time since its opening the business crisis sweeping over the country should have so filled the minds of many of our people with harassing cares as to exclude all thoughts of enjoyment. But now, the worst of the trouble being over, it is to be hoped they will remember that the genius of the country has created a work of surpassing grandeur which should not be permitted to pass away without having exerted to the widest extent its enlightening and elevating influences upon the living generation. This enterprise has had enormous difficulties to contend with to win its proper place in public esteem—the exaggerated reputation of the city in which it is located of being the most materialistic and greedy of all communities in this materialistic and greedy age; a management which by its widely advertised internal quarrels acquired the appearance of singular inefficiency; an opening in a state of confused incompleteness and under most unfavorable conditions of weather, which induced the veracious newspaper correspondent to spread the impression that nobody could see the fair without wading knee-deep through prairie mud; the assiduous attention of that class of critics who make microscopic hunts for something to find fault with, and who are never happy unless they spoil other people's pleasures; a mayor of the city of Chicago who did his best to make every festive ceremony repulsively vulgar and ridiculous. All these things and many more conspired to drag down the World's Fair in popular estimation, and to make people think that those would lose little who failed to see it.

If in spite of all this the Columbian Exposition has steadily grown in renown until it is at last recognized as one of the wonders of an age prolific of wonders, it is certainly owing to its true merit. The newspapers have been full of description and praise; and yet we risk nothing in saying that nobody has visited the Columbian Exposition without finding his previous conception, formed from the most brilliant description, far exceeded by what he saw in reality. Those who have seen other World's Fairs will remember that while they beheld buildings of magnificent dimensions and also of pleasing exterior, yet the architectural effects were not such as to charm their minds or even to engage much of their attention, and that they soon lost themselves in the infinite detail of the more or less tastefully grouped things which those buildings contained. It is not so in the White City at Chicago. The first impression which takes possession of the beholder, especially if he enters the exposition grounds from the side of the lake, is that of an architectural *ensemble* of surpassing grandeur and beauty. We say deliberately *it takes possession* of the beholder, for if he is at all susceptible of those emotions which are excited by creations of art, he will be so overcome with astonishment and admiration as to make it a difficult effort to him to tear himself away from the contemplation of the exterior of this wonderful assemblage of palaces in order to enter one of them. Indeed, the architectural aspect of the exposition alone would richly reward a journey of many days and nights from any part of the globe to this spot.

This may have a hyperbolic sound, like the enthusiastic effusion of one who had seen but little in his life; but it is a judgment in which the most competent and most impartial judges agree. The head of one of the foremost art institutions in Europe recently wrote from Chicago to his home newspaper that the aspect of the White City called up in his mind some of Claude Lorraine's landscapes representing large basins of water enlivened with ships and surrounded with edifices in classic style of fanciful magnificence. But what the old master had dreamed as his ideal of architectural grandeur and beauty was but a faint foreshadowing of what we saw here in reality. The upper part of the "Court of Honor," in front of the Administration Building, he continued, reminded him somewhat of the famous St. Mark's Place in Venice; but the St. Mark's Place was in proportion to its counterpart in the White City only like a piano sonata compared to one of Beethoven's orchestra symphonies. In fact, each one of the principal exposition buildings is in itself a great work of art, colossal in dimensions without the vulgarity of obtrusive bigness, rich in ornamentation without being gaudy, imaginative in design without being fantastic. But it is the collocation of these edifices, the scenic grouping of them around the picturesque water basins and lagoons, that is the greatest wonder of artistic conception. It may be said without exaggeration that neither antiquity nor the middle ages nor modern times have brought forth anything comparable to this majestic architectural harmony.

As these palaces are worthy of the arts and sciences and industries the representative productions of which they are to house, so the display of these productions is worthy of the palaces. Some European exhibitions may have been more complete in this or that branch, but none of them has ever so fully and vividly set forth the differences as well as the similarities existing between the workings of human intellect and labor in the Old and the New worlds. None of them could therefore have been of equal interest, especially to the American anxious to show what he can teach the world outside, and equally anxious to know what he still has to learn from it. None of them has ever been so apt to inspire him so much with pride in his own country as well as with respect for others—with a more just conception of what he is, and a more wholesome appreciation of what it should still be his ambition to become.

There is one melancholy thought irrepressibly stealing over the beholder of all this magnificence—that it will be among us in its bodily existence only so short a time. Like a gorgeous dream of human genius it has arisen, and like a vision it will pass away. It will live, however, as a glorious memory, and long be spoken of by this and coming generations as one of the greatest marvels of the closing nineteenth century. Every one who has seen it will cherish the remembrance of what he saw as a precious treasure which no one will be willing to part with for any price, while those who now miss this great opportunity will never cease to deplore the irreparable loss caused by their gross neglect when they hear others tell the wonderful story. Even people of small means should not recoil from the expense of a journey which in these hard times they may consider an extravagance, and they should not fail to bestow upon their children the boon of the enlightening and ennobling impressions which this grand spectacle conveys, and which in all likelihood this will be the only opportunity in their lives to receive and enjoy.

THE CURRENCY PROBLEM.

The prospect of the repeal of the Sherman law has turned the attention of public men at Washington to the much more complicated and difficult problem of the national currency. It is hardly probable that Congress will adjourn or even take a recess if the Senate does not reach a vote before the end of this week. The labor of preparation has already begun, and the Banking and Currency Committee of the House has already considered several propositions, chief among them being the repeal of the ten per cent. tax on State bank circulation.

The committee, it is understood, was hardly appointed before it was the centre of anxious inquiry and almost numberless suggestions. The situation occasioned this. A number of Representatives, especially from the Southern States, have heretofore voted in favor of free coinage of silver because their constituents insisted on having more and cheaper money. On this occasion they voted for the repeal of the Sherman act in deference to the wishes of the administration and to the public demand. In doing this they were led to expect, from declarations of Northern and Eastern members, that some legislation would follow repeal that would increase the volume of currency and its elasticity. It is evident that the most popular remedy among Southern Congressmen for the present condition of things is the repeal of the State bank tax.

The problem confronting the administration and Congress, however, is too large and wide-spreading to be settled by the simple repeal of a tax that prevents the State banks from issuing circulation. Moreover, the recollection of "wild-cat" currency is still fresh in the memories of the people of the middle West. These were the people who suffered most from that cheapest of cheap currency, and it is reported from Washington that their Representatives, both Republicans and Democrats, will oppose the naked proposition of repeal. The problem must be met and settled in some better way, and the news that the leaders in Congress and the administration are insisting on preserving the national guarantee of the circulation is most encouraging.

The United States possess one of the crudest systems of currency in the world. There are nine kinds in circulation—greenbacks, national bank notes, gold and silver certificates, Treasury notes of 1890, gold and silver coin, and subsidiary and minor coin. Of its paper, some is redeemable in gold, some in silver, and some in either. There is no method for increasing the currency in answer to the demands of business. Instead of being elastic, our currency is almost constant. It is rigid. The only increase is in gold and in depreciating silver. The natural place to look for an increase or diminution of currency is to the banks, but, under our system, while population and trade are growing, the basis of the bank circulation is shrinking. To the late extraordinary demand for currency the banks were able to respond with a net increase of only $24,000,000—less than one and a half per cent. of the amount in circulation on the 1st of April, and less than half the sum of the gold that we were able to buy in Europe.

These facts indicate one side of the problem. On the other—the discount side of the bank question—there are other serious considerations, for there is a strong demand for a system that shall more widely distribute the loanable capital of the country. These are to be taken, as they are intended, as mere statements of the propositions that are forcing themselves upon the minds of the President and of the Democratic leaders in the two Houses of Congress. The demand for their solution is immediate, and the task of providing the remedy ought to, and doubtless will, go on side by side with the reform of the tariff, and the provisions for meeting the deficiency caused by the excess of expenditure over revenue.

If the Fifty-third Congress satisfies the demands of the country, it will be one of the most important of our historic Congresses. It will revise the banking system, settle for the time the currency problem, reform the tariff on a revenue basis, and provide a method for meeting a deficiency. It is the currency problem in which the business interests of the country are most deeply interested. The subject is surrounded with the greatest difficulties, some of them incidental to itself, and some of them arising out of a conflict of interests in the country, which, however, are more apparent than real. If it is to be settled properly it must be approached conservatively, and with a determination to act only after thorough investigation and discussion. Fortunately the attention of the Treasury is fully occupied with this grave subject, and the thought and knowledge of the Secretary and his assistants will be at the service of Congress when that body is ready to act.

THE PROSPECT IN CONGRESS.

The administration expects a vote in the Senate on the repeal bill by the end of the present week. Others in Washington who are in favor of repeal expect a vote by the 20th. There is no one in or out of the Senate who does not know that the repeal bill will pass whenever the Senate votes.

The only object sought by the silver Senators is delay. One day last week Senator Stewart talked until he was physically exhausted, and then, on motion of Senator Morgan, the Senate went into executive session for the purpose of enabling the silver-mine owner to refresh himself for another outrage upon the Senate and the country, and another assault upon the public welfare on the following day. Mr. Stewart read columns of newspaper clippings and chapters of books simply to postpone a vote. Mr. Morgan has contributed his share to the waste of time, and has poured out dreary words for weary hours, to the disgust and anger of those who were compelled to listen to him. It has been a scandalous exhibition of small-minded pettifogging, and suggests that the courtesy of the Senate was admirable when Senators conducted themselves like gentlemen. To call that courtesy, however, which permits Senators to try the patience of their fellows, to deliberately waste their time, to prevent the majority from exercising their rights, is a ludicrous insult to the intelligence of the country. Debate is admirable, but that which has been going on in the Senate is not debate; it is malicious obstruction.

The friends of the repeal have been singularly quiet under the infliction. Doubtless their silence and patience are not without purpose. Apparently they believe that the filibusters are simply playing to the galleries, and are only anxious to satisfy their constituents that they have made the best fight possible for silver. When they have exhausted their vocabularies and their strength they may be expected to yield to the inevitable. They have been talking for their own political preservation, without regard to the wishes of their associates or the interests of the country.

THE PUBLIC INTEREST IN DISASTERS.

THE remarkable succession of catastrophes on land and sea that marked the closing week of August recalls—what may often be remarked—how little the mere number of lives lost affects the public interest in any sudden calamity. Some accidents in which the mortality was comparatively small make much more terrific news items than others of far greater fatality. It is the circumstances of the accident much more than its mortuary statistics that excite the public mind. The loss of life by recent storms on the sea islands of the Carolina coast was terrific, but it got a smaller share of public attention than the cold-storage fire in Chicago. That fire was intensely dramatic. Thousands of people watched it, and newspapers printed reports of it which made the flesh fairly shrivel on their readers' scalps. But there was nothing especially dramatic about the drowning of hundreds of negroes on those low-lying islands in that gale. No one who could tell about it was there to see. The news of the mere destruction of life fails to stir the reader. Twice as many lives were lately lost by marine and other disasters within a fortnight in this country as by the sinking of the *Victoria*, but the *Victoria* disaster will be vividly remembered long after the record of the August gales of 1893 has slipped out of the public mind.

Railroad accidents, however calamitous, make only second-rate reading, because we are so used to them. Any habitual newspaper reader, after running his eye down the head-lines of the news of a collision or broken bridge, can fill in the details from his experience. There were so many killed; the cars did or did not take fire; this or that man was to blame; this or that well-known man was among the victims. We have read it all before. It makes little impression. When the bridge over the Tay went down, that was an event which made even the most hardened reader hold his breath. If the East River bridge should fall, or one of those at Niagara, that would make tremendous reading for several days.

From the newspaper point of view cyclones make rather poor reading. Where the wreck of a town is distributed over the next county there is comparatively little to be said. The material has all been carried off, and most of the story with it. Hotel fires and panics in theatres are sometimes dreadful enough to stir the public mind to its depths at the time, and leave their impress on it for years afterwards.

Floods sometimes make breathless reading, but not often. Usually they leave behind mere details of drowned cattle, ruined crops, and stranded farm buildings. The damage is stated in figures, and figures do not impress the imagination. But it was a flood—at Johnstown—that caused perhaps the most dramatic American disaster of three decades—a disaster that was a double-leaded wonder for nine days, and a topic of earnest daily reading for weeks afterwards.

CUP-DEFENDING.

THERE is a quaint old sea-side character at Keyport, New Jersey, known as Uncle Eben, who has no real existence in fact, but who is extremely useful to refer to at times for literary purposes. One of Uncle Eben's quaint expressions when he sees or hears of any strange or novel thing is to say, "Waal, thet beats anythin' I ever see in the heavens above, the 'arth beneath, or the waters under the 'arth!" He has such a quaint way of saying this that the boys in the village take especial delight in bringing him peculiar and unusual things, just to hear him get it off in his own quaint, inimitable way.

Day before yesterday, or it may have been the day before that, Joe Henshaw and Willy Barkelo, two of the village boys, who are creations of the writer's brain, brought the mythical Uncle Eben an equally imaginary kitten with three distinct heads and five tails, two of which, however, were only rudimentary. Uncle Eben took the kitten up in his arms, and looked it all over with critical eyes. "Waal," he said, when he had finished his inspection, "thet beats anythin' I ever see in the heavens above, or the 'arth beneath," and stopped.

Joe looked blank, but Willy snickered.

"Waal," said Uncle Eben, glancing over his specs, in his quaint, quizzical way, "what ye want?"

"Want ye ter go on," said Joe.

"'Or the waters under the 'arth,'" said the Barkelo boy, with a very good imitation of the old man's manner.

"Waal, I didn't say it, did I?" said Uncle Eben.

"No!" This from both the boys.

"Boys," said Uncle Eben, who sometimes forgets to preface a remark by "Waal," "you want ter know why I didn't say it?"

"Yes!"

"Waal, when I went up ter York las' week I seen one o' them 'ere Boston cup-defenders in dry-dock!"

If Uncle Eben had been a real character, and one of the boys a stenographer, it might have been interesting to hear what further he had to say on the subject of modern yachts. But as he was simply invented to form the basis of what the school "Rhetorics" call a "pleasing introduction" to the following remarks, he will now take a back seat until it may be convenient to refer to him again.

Probably few of the readers of this paper have shared the interesting privilege so easily accorded to a purely supposititious character of viewing *Pilgrim*, *Jubilee*, or even *Colonia* *Vigilant* in dry-dock, but as the daily papers have given profiles, elevations, birds-eye and cross-sectional views of these novel crafts, all must be familiar with their peculiar lines, which certainly but distantly resemble any preconceived notion a landsman may have incidentally acquired of the submarine structure of a sailing vessel.

One of the first peculiarities that the observant newspaper reader of the yachting columns may have noticed about all these craft is the entire absence of the definite article; but while the leaving ashore of this cumbersome appendage with other impedimenta is supposed to add greatly to their speed, it is their general contour rather than what they have taken off that excites the greatest wonderment.

Indeed, it will be noticed that yachtsmen rarely refer to these craft as "boats," evidently feeling that racing-machines of their types can scarcely be considered as coming readily under such designation. "Cup-defenders" is the most popular appellation, although that is an honor that will be borne by only one of them after the trial races. But it more aptly describes them than any other easily handled combination of words.

A yacht is popularly supposed to be a pleasure boat; but the only pleasure to be derived in sailing one of these vessels is that to be derived from beating the others, and eventually the Englishman. They are not beautiful on the water, which they ride at anchor with all the grace of a *Reina Victoria*, the hollow lines at the bow having been carefully eliminated, in order to cheat the measurement when the vessel lies over on her side in sailing on the wind or beating to windward.

In fact, these yachts are not adapted to the ordinary uses of yachting. But they have been built at great expense by patriotic and enthusiastic American yachtsmen to preserve the prestige of American yachting, and to keep the *America's* Cup from being wrested from our shores. That such will be the proud privilege of the best of them is the earnest wish of every patriotic and enthusiastic American, be he yachtsman or landsman.

Sport to-day, afloat and ashore, is pursued with all the earnestness that is met with in the keenest business competition. The winning boat, the winning horse, the winning man, is a specialist, who can do but one thing, but do that to perfection. This is inevitable in this age of steam and electricity, and for the general result that is obtained doubtless it is best.

Yet the true sportsman, who feels that there is something more in sport than the mere beating somebody else, will have a sense of intense satisfaction if the final result proves that the best boat, after all, is the one which with a set of working sails and the prefix of the definite article most nearly approaches the yachtsman's ideal of a speedy cruiser; while he will give every credit to the unselfish enthusiasts who have gone to any length and undertaken the most costly experiments to keep up the supremacy of the American yacht.

THE REAL WAY TO SAVE.

"TEALL'S Newest Philanthropy" was the heading of a recent newspaper paragraph that announced that Mr. OLIVER SUMNER TEALL was president of a new company that is to reduce living expenses. A company that would do that would be certain of popularity and patronage just now, and thousands of readers must have looked eagerly to see what were the details of Mr. TEALL'S new plan, and what promise it gave of realizing the excellent purpose that it had in view. The issue, to our mind, is a little disappointing. Mr. TEALL merely proposes such an organized co-operation among purchasers as will enable families to get their supplies at five per cent. less than the current market rates.

To save five per cent. of the cost of cabbages and beef is desirable, of course, but really in times like these it seems a result hardly worthy of the activities of a mind so original as Mr. TEALL'S, and hardly adequate to meet the exigencies of the situation. When so many bread-winners are out of work, and ready money is so hardly come by, even by persons who have legitimate claims to funds, a plan to be widely popular must aim considerably higher than this one. Any family can save five per cent. of its expenses without really trying. What is needed is a scheme for saving fifty per cent., and living so well within the margin of the remainder as to have enough surplus cash to make up the cost of sending the older children to the Chicago Fair. Such retrenchment as that is not easily accomplished, but it is widely and earnestly desired in families; and Mr. TEALL, as a philanthropist who is at the same time a leader of fashion, has it in his power to do something toward making it easy. The easiest thing to save in is show. The thing that regulates expenditures for show is fashion. But fashion is regulated by leaders of society, such as Mr. TEALL and his associates. If they can temper the fall fashions to the reduced abilities of impoverished exchequers, they will do a far more truly beneficial thing than by getting five per cent. off on squashes and potatoes. Take, for example, the item of women's hats. No woman wears her hat out. To the male eye her hat in March is in just as good repair as it was when she wore it new to the Horse Show in November. If Mr. TEALL can procure it to happen that last winter's female hats shall be in fashion again this coming winter, how many thousands of dollars will he not save to destitute families by this single stroke? So with gowns. The prevalent mode in frocks prescribes sleeves of balloonlike amplitude. It would naturally happen that mantua-makers, for the promotion of their nefarious trade, would arrange that fall and winter waists should have sleeves fitting close to the arm, so that any woman who wore her last winter's dresses might feel herself in conspicuous desuetude. What families need this year is to have last winter's modes of garb hold over, so that women who were careful of their last year's clothes can wear them out without obloquy or reproach.

And so in a less degree with men. Tan shoes in good repair should be permitted this year all winter long; and the usual law which forbids straw-hats after September might well be abrogated. Threadbare overcoats will undoubtedly be better form than usual, whether Mr. TEALL helps to make them so or not, but a warm coat with whitened seams is somewhat more comfortable when it is understood to be in the height of fashion than when its owner is conscious that it is out of date.

Other simple economies suggest themselves by the dozen. A pair and a leader is really just as serviceable for ordinary purposes on a drag as a four-in-hand, provided that fashion stamps the trio with its approval. So, two square meals and a light luncheon will suffice as well (and often better) to keep families in health as three square meals and five-o'clock tea.

It is not pretended that such economies as are here suggested are good for trade; but neither is it good for trade just now to buy what one cannot pay for, nor yet to co-operate, as Mr. TEALL suggests, so as to deprive the middleman of his accustomed profit. Economy is rather poor sport at best, but if one must economize he can do it easier by cutting loose from style and going without unnecessary things than by scrimping on the cost of necessaries.

THE OPENING THEATRE.

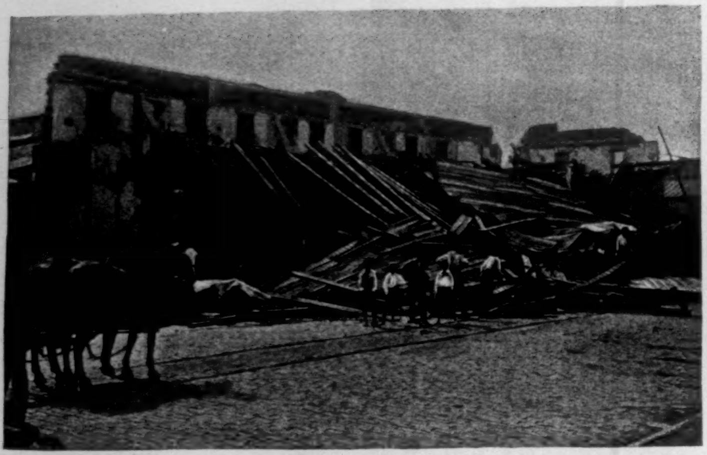
THE stage is beginning to bestir itself against another season of activity. The exuberant actor-man now combs his wig, curls his false mustache, dusts off his press notices, and otherwise pulls himself together for the battle. So does the sanguine actor-woman gather herself up (though details would be cruel) and prepare for the public onslaught. The advance agent is beginning to advance; the manager, modest and long-suffering, is beginning to manage; the beautiful light of expectancy is observed to illume the eye of the dramatic author as he is seen to hurry along upper Broadway; the very bill-boards begin to rejoice—to fairly shout in the seven colors of the rainbow, and to breathe forth chromatic defiance at the sapient and adroit critic of the daily press as he walks past meditating the observation in his paper that the play isn't all the boards would have it to be. Nature would do well to look her best, because the mirror is beginning to be held up to her.

It is, perhaps, too early yet to predict in what proportion of plays nature herself is to be held up for our view; but we suspect that the country has passed through the worst ravages of the realistic drama. Certainly the tank of water has passed its meridian; real water does not play the important part that it once did in our dramatic literature. This is partly because the public has lost interest in the water-tank considered as art, and partly because many capable actresses either took severe colds while responding to curtain calls in their wet clothes or were drowned in the tank before they could be rescued by the hero. The prospect that the United States government would establish life-saving stations in all theatres infested by the tank drama, together with the law passed by the Michigan Legislature compelling tank actors to wear life-preservers, has also played an important part in influencing the dramatic author largely to give up real water.

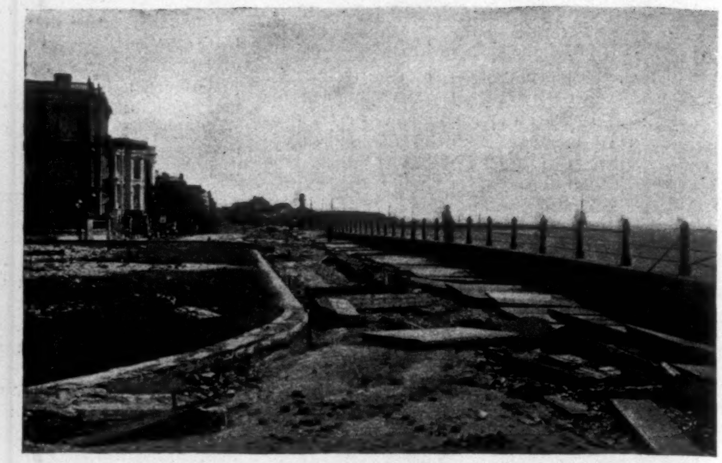
We believe it will be safe to say, too, that the use of other real things will not increase, at least during the coming season. We are of opinion that the stage real is beginning to decline. The same causes, we fancy, which are combining to bring about the decay of the tank are operating to discourage the other things. The public is becoming a little tired of revolving chicken-coops, genuine steam-engines, and live race-horses, burglars, cows, and other animals. Then, last season, an efficient leading man was struck by a freight car in the third act and severely injured; another capable actor was run over by a fire-engine in the centre of the stage and had both legs broken; a young actress of much promise was smothered under an overturning load of hay as the curtain on the second act; another was bitten by a Siberian blood-hound in the fourth tableau; while no fewer than thirteen well-equipped and ambitious artists were kicked or gored by oxen or cows in full view of the horrified but helpless audience. Many important players have this season refused to engage with companies which include domestic cattle, unless the same have been dehorned and the manager agrees to keep their hind legs hobbled while they are on the stage. The author has in some instances been called upon to cut out the part of the ox or cow so that capable players might be secured to fill out the rest of the cast.

Another reason for the decline in the domestic animal part of the realistic drama has been the considerable expense of transporting the beasts about the country when the company, after a "long and highly successful New York run," goes on the road. The experiment of using local animals (amateurs) has not been very satisfactory. Indeed, many of the casualties must be laid at the door of these local and provincial four-footed artists, which, becoming confused by the glare of the foot-lights and the boisterous applause of recognizing friends in the audience, have rushed blindly about the stage, tossing the regular members of the company right and left on their horns. This has made it necessary to carry experienced animals, and the cost of transporting a heavy yoke of oxen, five or six cows, a mare and colt, a dozen sheep, a smattering of goats, and a flock of hens for the barn-yard scene in the fourth act, has been heavy. Many companies will, the coming season, place this scene in the garden by the side of the barn-yard, with easily transported green baize vegetables, while the property man and stage-manager give in the wings an artistic but inexpensive imitation of the sounds produced by the discarded animals. In the present hour of financial stringency this is thought to be all the public ought to demand.

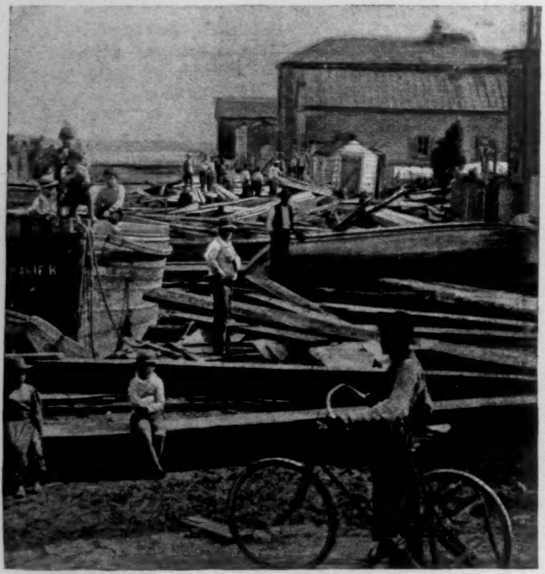
The opening of the theatrical season will remove from the swirling panorama of upper Broadway much that has made it refreshing and interesting during the past few months. As we said, the actor is an exuberant fellow, effervescent and stimulating, in private life as well as in his public capacity. The warmth with which he grasps your hand, and the childlike frankness with which he tells you—yea, demonstrates to you—that he, and he alone, was responsible for the success of his company last season, though handicapped by the upaslike rancor of the stage-manager and the palpable jealousy of the other players, comes like a cool draught in a desert of constraint and false modesty, and whispers that there is still left in the world a little open-hearted ingenuousness coupled with the ability to recognize real artistic worth. We wish him success during the coming season; may the country see the players well bestowed!



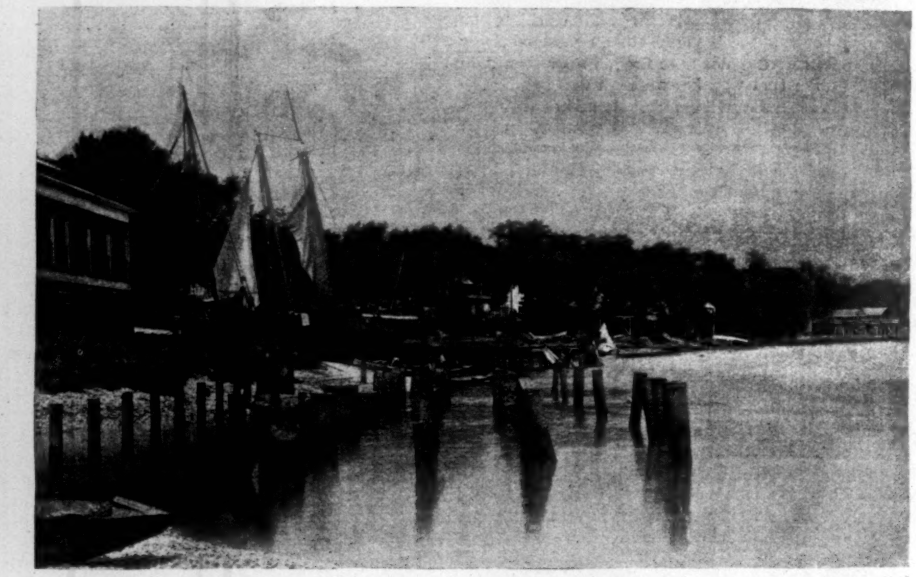
CORNER OF SOUTHERN WHARF AND EAST BAY, CHARLESTON.



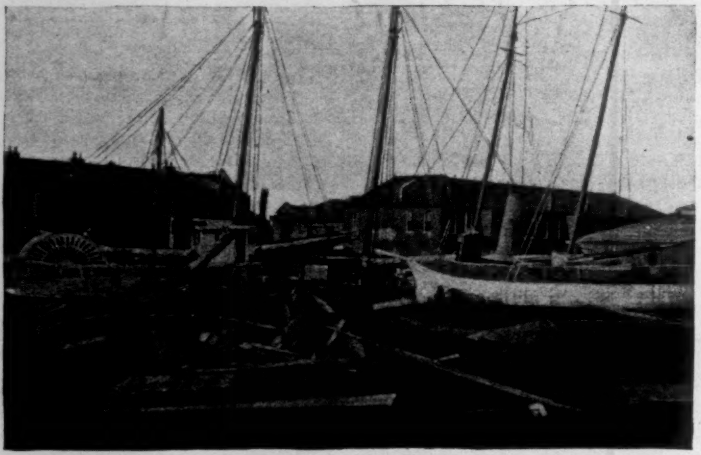
EAST BATTERY, LOOKING NORTHEAST, CHARLESTON.



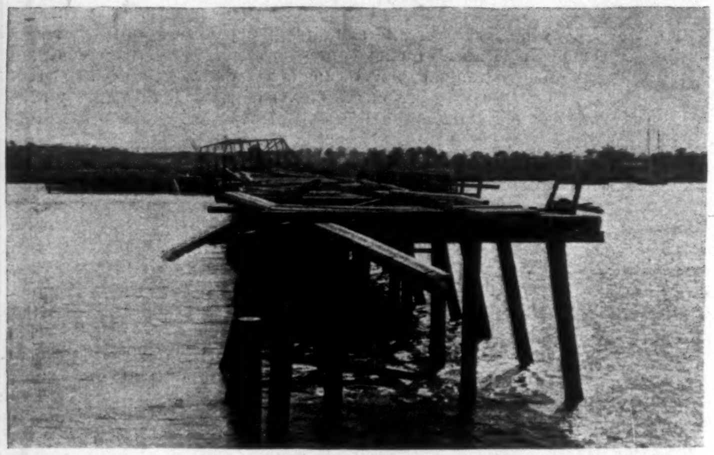
COUNCIL STREET, CHARLESTON.



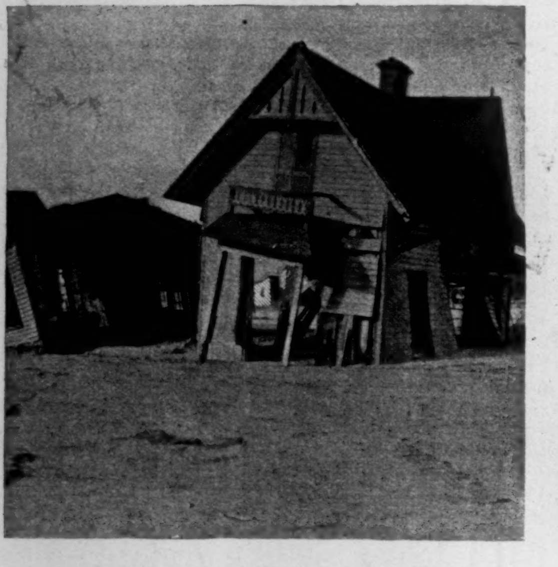
THUNDERBOLT, NEAR SAVANNAH.



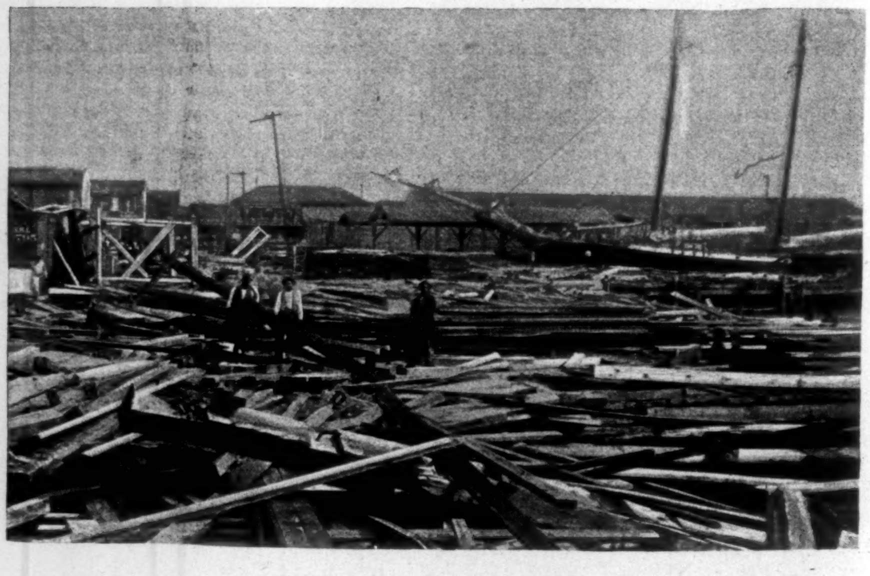
BOYCE'S WHARF, CHARLESTON.



NEW BRIDGE, ASHLEY RIVER, CHARLESTON.



MAJOR GILCHRIST'S HOUSE, SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

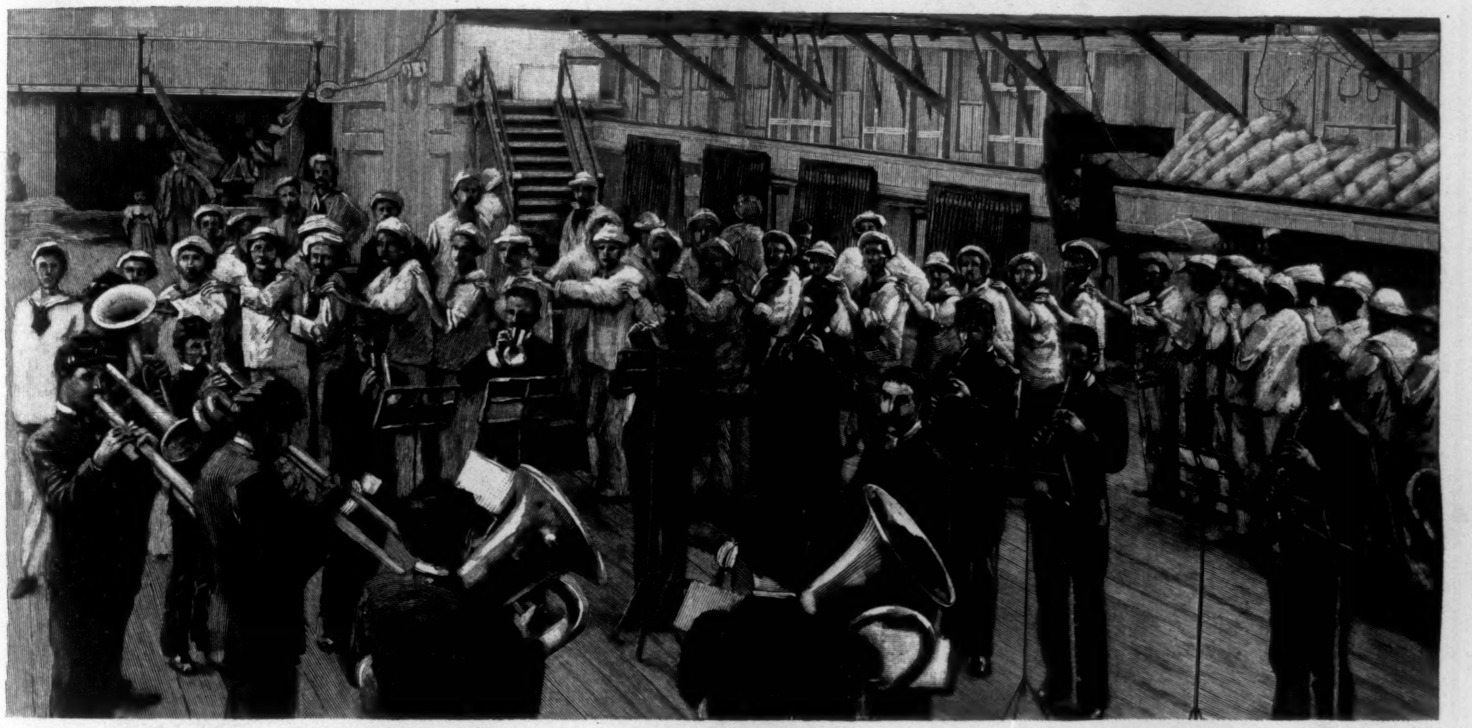


ATLANTIC WHARVES, CHARLESTON.

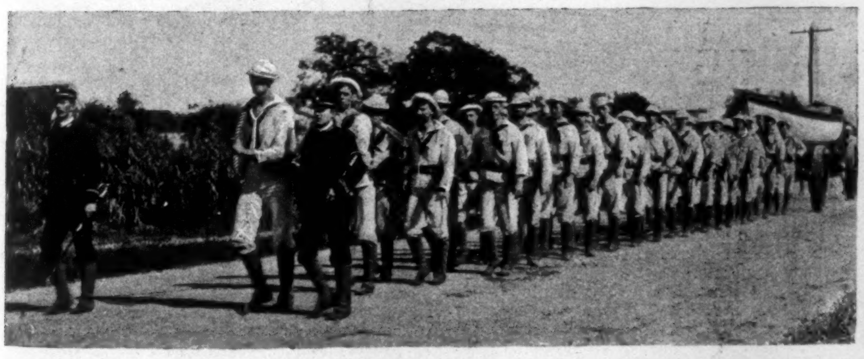
THE RECENT CYCLONE IN THE SOUTH.—From Photographs.—[See Page 882.]

SHOVING OFF THE BOAT.

CLIMBING FENCES—SKIRMISHING.



DANCING ON THE SPAR DECK.

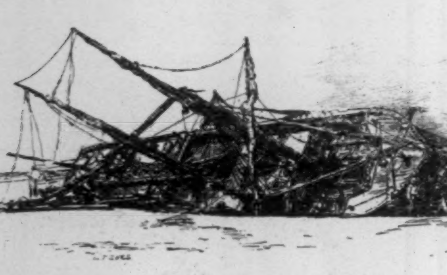


FIRST DIVISION HAULING WHALE-BOAT TO CAMP FROM WATER, AT BAY SHORE.

FIRST DIVISION ON THE MARCH, BAY SHORE.

FIRST DIVISION ENTERTAINED AT LUNCH BY FOURTH DIVISION.

WITH THE NEW YORK NAVAL RESERVES ON LONG ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 895.]



ON THE BEACH NEAR SAVANNAH.

THE CYCLONE IN THE SOUTH.

BY PLEASANT A. STOVALL.

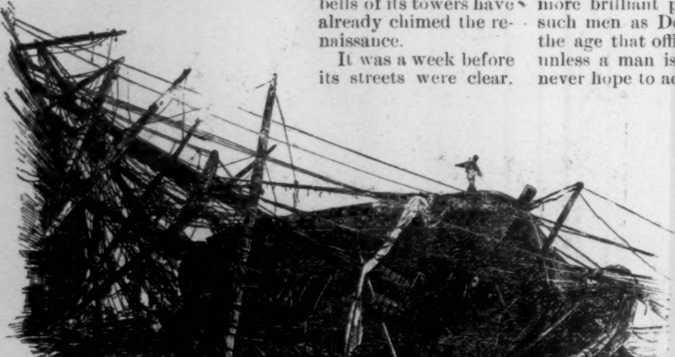
Sea-coast darkies will tell you that something wrong is bound to happen during August. That is the time of the epidemic, the earthquake, and the storm. In August, 1854, when the yellow fever was raging on the South Atlantic, a tornado swept the coast cities and islands, leaving death and desolation in its path. On August 10, 1856, occurred that destructive cyclone in the Gulf which destroyed "Last Island," and scattered dead bodies far up the Atchafalaya. On August 27, 1881, a gale visited the Georgia coast, which in Savannah was more destructive than the disturbance of last week. In August, 1885, Charleston and Sullivan's Island were swept by a storm which blew the waters of the bay over the Battery, and wrecked the place almost as completely as the earthquake of 31st August the following year. So when the huge meteor sailed over Savannah three weeks ago and fell with loud detonation into Warsaw Sound, sending its geyser of steam into the air, many a dusky denizen of the coast islands believed the omen a bad one.

The storm of this year was not unexpected. It did not come upon us in the night without warning. It was "sighted" far down in the West Indies, that lazaretto of cyclones and epidemics. On Friday, August 25th, storm signals were set. On Saturday, 26th, ship-masters were warned to look out for rough water off the Savannah bar. Sunday, 27th, dawned cool and gray. The morning was showery. Every one knew that the storm was at hand; but man had not learned to build sea-walls or breakwaters, to anchor his island home upon stout piling, high and dry above the tides. When the cyclone burst at noon on Sunday, 27th, it found man and beast practically at its mercy. It grew steadily. The rain fell in sheets, and the winds pounded the roofs and wharves. The best-built houses in Savannah were drenched inside and shaken without. The deadening roar, well remembered since 1881, came up from the sea. The electric wires sagged and crossed their currents, causing the tolling of the fire-bells, which added to the horrors of the storm.

Savannah was severely hurt, but her distance from the sea, the fact that she is landlocked eighteen miles up the river, closely built, resting upon a bluff forty-five feet above the water-level, gave her some immunity from the ravages inflicted upon Charleston and Port Royal. Her parks and shade trees, the most beautiful in the South were damaged; the naval stores docks were inundated; roofs along the bay were torn away; the Tybee Railroad, seventeen miles, was almost a total wreck. Not a single pier was destroyed. There was no interruption to her shipping. Port Royal harbor is broad and exposed. That city, with the beautiful residence town of Beaufort, was swept and battered, and the work of repair must be long and costly. The government dry-dock is a wreck. Dredges are gone. Phosphate works are dismantled, and the sea has rolled over railroad tracks and piers. Port Royal received the full shock of the cyclone. It was here that the great gale which formed in the Caribbean and rolled up the Florida coast struck the mainland. It was off Port Royal that the steamship *City of Savannah* was wrecked. The storm centre left Charleston to the west and Savannah to the east.

The ravage at Charleston was terrific. Port Royal is still a small town, and its shipping is limited, but Charleston is a large, busy place. Another city might have staggered beneath the blow, but Charleston has stood the fire of hostile fleets, and the continued reverses of storm and tides and the seismic shock of '86. Situated only a few feet above the sea, more than once its historic streets and busy docks have been submerged. But this plucky city has come out into the sunlight again with another notch upon its eventful record, and the bells of its towers have already chimed the renaissance.

It was a week before its streets were clear.



AT MERCHANT'S WHARF, CHARLESTON.

Schooners were driven into the market-place; docks and barges have impeded travel; cisterns were overflown; garbage carts were busy removing hundreds of bodies of goats and domestic animals; docks were ruined, but Charleston has gone bravely to work again.

There were many freaks of the storm. A schooner passed over Tybee, and dragged with its anchor several hundred yards of railroad track into the woods. Steel rails were wrapped like hair-pins around giant oaks. A boat was impaled upon a prop from which a platform had been blown at Isle of Hope. The platform then settled back upon its support, leaving the boat suspended between wharf and water.

One feature of the storm was the emphatic appearance of the "dead centre." After the terrific blow, which raged unabated for six hours, there followed a perfect calm. The moon seemed to struggle through the clouds, and the sands glistened in all their whiteness. Then followed another hurricane as the outer periphery of the storm passed over.

The loss to shipping off Tybee was greater than elsewhere, because Savannah's shipping is larger than all Southern ports combined. The detention of a large number of vessels this season at quarantine made the casualties unusually severe. The crowds which lined the Savannah river-front Wednesday evening, and cheered the ship which steamed up the bay with the tattered standard and the rescued passengers of the ill-fated *City of Savannah*, reminded one of thousands who sixteen years ago greeted that Savannah steamship as she came out on her first trip from New York. Then her colors were streaming, and she made her way to the dock amid salvos of artillery and the scream of steam-whistles. To-day the polished panels and choice stores of the *Savannah* are scattered from Hatteras to Sapelo.

It was the worst season for a storm. This is the time for marketing naval stores. The schooners waiting to load up now rest in the marshes, where they will remain as curiosities many a year, and the packages of resin aud spirits dot the shore-lines and lagoons like scattered buoys.

It would be difficult to find more luxuriant fields than those which girt the estuaries of the Georgia and Carolina coasts. The white sands and scraggy oaks on the sea-beach give way to fields of green as soon as the shore-line is passed. Sea Island cotton is in full boll. Rice fields, with their unrivalled freshness, stretch along the savannas for miles, and white shells seem to picket interminable flower beds. It is the season of ripening, of fruition. The coast from Savannah to Charleston is dotted with summer-houses, while pleasure-yachts skim the waters. This was the condition of things when the storm broke out on that Sunday morning.

Now there is a dreary waste. Long stretches of lagoon still submerge the rotting rice fields where dikes are broken and floodgates battered down. Little yachts have thrown their anchors upon the sand and burrowed their prows into the woods. Hundreds of corpses are strewn along the farms—unknown save to the vultures which flock about them; and many a dismantled hut stands like a vault above its unburied dead. Whole families are wiped out in some places. A mother and five children are drowned, and never know that the father went down with his smack in the inlet. The coroner has sworn in an army of deputies, and these are hunting for the dead. But roads are impassable. Boats are hard to hire, and there are few people left on the island to pilot them. Cows and horses were killed under falling barns or drowned by the sweep of the tide. The air is filled with odors of decaying animal and vegetable matter It is even predicted that if many residents were left upon the islands, pestilence, more deadly than the storm, would soon claim them.

Much will be done for the sufferers and survivors. Perhaps the government will send boats and tents and food. But the government cannot restore the crops and cattle, the hut undermined, the family gone. I should say that one thousand people, nearly all of them colored people, have been drowned between Tybee Island and St. Helena. The money loss, first and last, on sea and land, city and island, must be ten millions.

The solitary pilot, as he picks his way along these denuded islands of the coast, may recall that Breton fancy, "That the voice of the sea is never one voice, but a tumult of many voices—voices of drowned men, the muttering of multitudes of dead, the murmuring of innumerable ghosts, all rising to rage against the living at the great witch-call of storms."

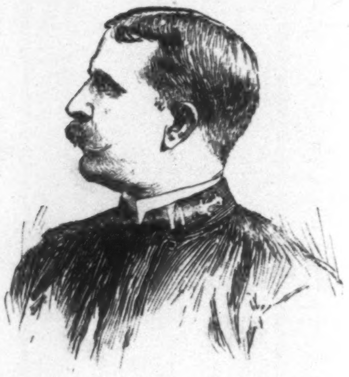
THE "NANTUCKET'S" PERIL.

In these piping times of peace it is pleasing to chronicle a deed of heroism or a duty well performed; and when either one or the other is accredited to a young officer of the navy, at a time when youth and merit are claiming recognition at the hands of Congress, the task becomes a more than agreeable one. The history of the United States has no more brilliant page than that containing the victories of such men as Decatur and Hull, who were full captains at the age that officers now are ensigns; indeed, it is said that unless a man is given responsibility in his youth he may never hope to achieve distinction.

The experiences of the monitor *Nantucket*, a veteran of the civil war, and her consort, the historic old *Kearsarge*, have thrilled the country from Maine to Florida. The corvette stood by the ironclad as long as she could safely do so, but during that terrible night parted both hawsers, and was forced to leave the antiquated craft alone upon the seas. Lieutenant Harry H. Hosley, commanding the *Nantucket*, saw at a glance that he was suddenly left upon his own resources, and like a true seaman slowed down and faced the storm.

Before the line had parted, the monitor offered a sullen resistance to being towed, and seemed to settle back with each sweep of the sea. On she stood, however, with a seemingly passionate desire to bury her nose beneath the crest of each wave, rising again, however, and shaking off the water from her decks. To the men below, the swash of eight or ten feet of the Atlantic Ocean overhead was not the sweetest music in the world. Not a man deserted his post, however, though the old monitor began to leak at every pore. To windward the sea was a mass of black water and flying spoondrift, which cut and stung the flesh like a whip-lash; and it looked as though the old ironclad could not stagger along under the tons of water that lay upon her decks. She reached Hampton Roads, however, forty-eight hours after.

Mr. Hosley is one of the younger lieutenants of the navy, his number being 202 on the list. He entered the service on the 22d of September, 1871, and was graduated four years later. Not until the 18th of July, 1876, did he receive his commission as an Ensign. In 1882 he had reached the grade of Master, in 1883 that of Junior Lieutenant, and was promoted to his present rank on the 17th of March, 1889. In the Navy Register, Lieutenant Hosley is credited with eleven years and eight months of sea service, and six years and six months of shore duty.



LIEUTENANT H. H. HOSLEY,
Of the *Nantucket*.

William Nephew King, Jun.

THE STORM PROPHET.

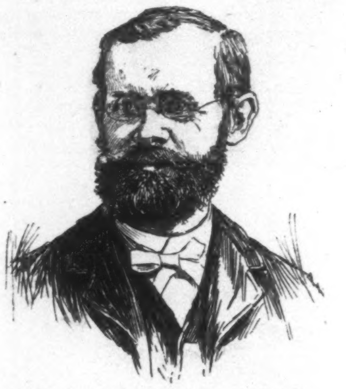
How much damage the recent cyclone did we are coming to know, at least in part, but how much more destruction of property and loss of life it might have been responsible for had it not been predicted by the Weather Bureau, and mariners and others thus warned of its approach, it is impossible to form any estimate.

The man who foresaw and foretold this storm, as he has foreseen and foretold many another, is Cleveland Abbe, "Professor of Meteorology in the signal service, and Assistant to the Chief Signal Officer," as he was originally designated in 1891, a position which he still holds, with a slight change of title since the transfer of the Weather Bureau to the Agricultural Department.

The fact that the entire system, of which he is the working head, is the outcome of efforts begun by him while director of the Cincinnati Observatory, makes him a life-saver of unparalleled accomplishment, while the destruction of crops and vessels that his predictions have prevented would have mounted up into the multi-millions.

It is not strange that, feeling the responsibility of position, he is anxious for the establishment of a school where scientific instruction of high order can be given in meteorological work, to educate a trained band of men to investigate the atmospheric laws, to enlarge the scope of the work he has so nobly started, and to carry it on with increasing powers of usefulness.

In this connection it is Professor Abbe's earnest hope that the citizens of his birthplace, New York city, will recognize the fact that the great lesson to be learned from this hurricane is that which has so often been impressed upon us by the success of the Weather Bureau since its establishment in 1871, namely, that meteorology is a highly practical branch of science, worthy of the most generous recognition in our universities, scientific schools, and colleges. We have astronomers and chemists and electricians by the score, who are devoted to the investigation of the laws of nature, hoping to find some new principle or fact that can be applied to the benefit of mankind—men who are well provided for in our universities, and to support whose investigations great sums of money have been donated. Yet, there is at present no provision whatever in this country for profound investigation into the laws and phenomena of the atmosphere.



PROFESSOR CLEVELAND ABBE,
Of the United States Weather Bureau.

In 1870 our Federal government took up the work that Professor Abbe started in Cincinnati, and enlarged it in every direction for practical utilitarian objects, but it provided only for the application of what little was already known in meteorology.

In Professor Abbe's view it is very doubtful whether it is wise to trust the future of meteorology entirely to the uncertainties of political life at Washington. Every State, in his opinion, should have its State weather service, as originally initiated by General Hazen, and every college should have a course in meteorology, while special schools should be established, in connection with our great universities, for original investigations.

"The object to be attained by a university," says Professor Abbe, "is not merely the diffusion of knowledge already existing, but the increase of the sum total of human knowledge. The whole system of German scholarship is based upon the principle that the man who has the mental energy that will carry him beyond his predecessors, and lead him to discover facts and principles that were hitherto unknown, is the true leader of scholars, the true benefactor of his race. America will rival Germany, in proportion, as we stimulate our college graduates to train themselves for the field of original research in science. Put our best scientists into a university school of meteorology, and we shall soon turn out practical men, who have learned both to know and to d

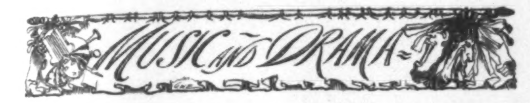
LITTLE THERESA, THE WAIF.

BY CY WARMAN.

To a place where the poor of the city,
  The shoeblacks and news children, meet,
A fairy waif came with a banjo,
  And a voice, oh, so soothing and sweet,
That it brought back the scent of the summer
  With orange-trees blooming above,
And mocking-birds in the magnolias,
  As soft as the song of a dove.

With holes in her sleeves and her stockings,
  Torn shoes on her little brown feet,
Eyes like limpid pools in the mountains—
  Her hair was like ripening wheat.
When she came out again—the Infanta
  Joanna, bejewelled and gay—
My friend laughed: "I say, vot you cry for?
  She vas yust make-belief in der play."

She was beautiful then, as a picture
  Is beautiful—only to see;
But she never can be so enchanting
  As the little tramp singer to me.
I know you will say it is better,
  For in luxury's lap she is safe;
If I could, though, I would not forget her
  As poor little Theresa, the Waif.



THE regular dramatic season of 1893 and 1894 was ushered in last week with great cry, as no less than five dramatic novelties were presented at various theatres; and also with no little wool, as at least two out of the five possessed absolute artistic value and interest. Although the season this year starts in somewhat earlier than usual, it seems to be none the less welcome and appreciated on that account; indeed, after the more than usually pronounced midsummer dramatic madness of the last few months, and of the worse than varied variety which has held undisputed sway on the New York boards during that time, the theatre-going public seems to turn with an unusual appetite and relish to something in the way of serious dramatic entertainment, legitimate and artistic in scope and purpose. The season must be said to have opened remarkably well, as only one of the five above-mentioned productions was a failure; besides this, the promise for the future is exceedingly brilliant, for we are able to look forward with pleasure to the appearance of such eminent artists as Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Mounet Sully, Coquelin, Modjeska, the Kendals, and last, but not least, the incomparable Duse, all of whom will doubtless feel the benefit of the inevitable reaction against the great superfluity of variety in various stages of tedious incompetency to which we have been treated of late.

In referring to the productions of last week, the place of honor undoubtedly belongs to Mr. Paul Potter's *Sheridan, or the Maid of Bath*, produced at the Lyceum Theatre for the first time on any stage on Tuesday night, as it is not only a play which it would be a credit to any dramatic author to have written, but also one which for its dignity, refinement, studious thought, and evident artistic purpose is a decided addition to native dramatic literature, as well as a most hopeful sign for the future of the American drama. It is not at all difficult to sum up the production of this play, as in the way that it was staged and acted it is entitled to almost unqualified praise. Of the play itself as a legitimate dramatic effort it is a little more difficult to speak. In it for the first time Mr. Potter has revealed himself to the American public as a dramatic author of honest artistic purpose, of great present power, and of still greater future promise. In the way of characterization and incident, much has been palpably and admittedly taken from older sources; but Mr. Potter must nevertheless be credited with a play for the most part thoroughly well constructed in the sequence and development of its action, refined, even elegant, in its diction, effective in situation and characterization, and possessed of legitimate artistic value and interest. In the "Author's Note" printed on the programme Mr. Potter admits that the purpose of the play was to introduce some of the originals of the characters in Sheridan's comedies, some of the real incidents on which he based his scenes, and some of the scenes which he copied from other pieces. No question need therefore be raised as to the sources of the author's inspiration, and no blame attached to him if some of his characteristic incidents and situations appear somewhat familiar and in the light of old acquaintances. If, as some one remarked apropos of the performance, "he always did like Sheridan's plays, and that the more you saw them the more you like them," this, we conceive, should be taken rather as a compliment than otherwise to the author for his skill in creating and successfully maintaining the atmosphere of the old-time comedies, which it was manifestly his intention to imitate, or, more properly, to reproduce. The only question remaining, therefore—the source from which the material has been drawn being granted—is, was the material so obtained made use of to the best advantage? And that this was the case must be at once admitted. The plot of the piece, which is perhaps a little tenuous for the great variety of incident with which it is overlaid, may be briefly set forth as follows:

A Captain Matthews loves Miss Linley, daughter of Dr. Linley, a Bath musician. Fearing for the success of his suit, and being suddenly ordered to his regiment through the influence of Mr. Garrick, himself a suitor for the lady's hand, he introduces Sheridan into the family of Dr. Linley in the capacity of secretary, and telling him that he has been secretly married to Miss Linley, enlists his services as a friend in watching over her during his absence. Naturally Sheridan is in love with the girl himself, but is true to the trust imposed upon him by his friend to the extent of placing himself in a hopelessly false position, and being driven in disgrace from the Linley house for being unable to explain his connection with a young lady who in reality is Matthews's deceived and deserted wife. The first two acts set forth the plot thus far. In the third act the failure of the first production of *The Rivals*, owing to the jealousy of a lady to whom Sheridan had formerly made love, is recounted, and in the last act the double-dealing of Matthews is unmasked, and all ends happily in the usual way. Except that the situation at the end of the fourth act, when Matthews, having been defeated in his duel with Sheridan, is given his life, strikes one as distinctly forced and unnatural, coupled as it is with the suggestion of the screen scene from the *School for Scandal*, which seems dragged in by the ears, the play is thoroughly well constructed, and moves forward with cumulative interest. As has been said above, the diction is refined and even elegant, and the dialogue is terse, crisp, and telling. The central figure of Sheridan, while in a certain sense a second edition of David Garrick, is well and cleverly drawn, and was played by Mr. Sothern with great finish and repose.

Without knowing Mr. Potter's warranty for stating that Sheridan in Charles Surface presented the world with a pen portrait of himself, which would account for and excuse the similarity between these two characters, one can hardly say whether Mr. Potter was justified in making them so alike in general tone. Certainly the similarity is striking. Mr. Potter was certainly also audacious in, so to speak, resuscitating Mrs, Malaprop by giving us a palpable imitation of her in the person of Lady Shuttleworth. But the part in the hands of Miss Pitt was such a success that ample excuse would be forth-coming were any such needed. Again, in Michael Kelly, played with much vivacity and dry humor by Mr. Buckstone, we have the prototype of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. In Mr. Garrick, rather heavily played by Mr. Hanbury, more than a suggestion of Sir Anthony Absolute; while the Captain Matthews of Mr. Selten—somewhat affected and hardly convincing—was a decided reminiscence of Captain Absolute. In the same way the part of the Maid of Bath, in which Miss Grace Kimball was lovely but unduly sentimental, was a reflex of Miss Lydia Languish, while similar parallels might be drawn between all the other characters and other well-known ones in Sheridan's plays.

What Mr. Potter will have to contend with, in regard to his authorship of this play, is the difficulty that the audience is under of recognizing and appreciating the fact that he is avowedly giving them the originals from which Sheridan drew his immortal dramatic types, and of quite understanding how he was in a position to do this. In other words, to the minds of people of little historical knowledge or acumen, Mr. Potter's undoubtedly authenticated originals may stand in danger of being called merely imitations of the types which are known to most people as Sheridan's creations. Certainly, however, it cannot fail to be admitted that Mr. Potter's idea in this play is distinctly original, that his treatment of this idea is unusually skilful, consistent, and successful, and that his evident artistic purpose has been crowned with excellent results. Mr. Potter is therefore to be congratulated on a play which was very successful on the first night, and will undoubtedly gain in effect as the actors grow easier in their parts. Apart from the characters mentioned above, Miss Marian Giroux was sprightly and vivacious as Dorothy, the poor relation; Miss Pattison-Selten very satisfactory as Lady Erskine; and Messrs. Flockton and Samuel Southern exceedingly natural and effective respectively as Dr. Thomas Linley and Captain Paumier. Several smaller parts were also in competent hands. The fact that a typical first-night audience was evidently interested in and emphatically approved of Mr. Potter's play as an entertainment should not only prove an encouragement but also an incentive to American playwrights to produce plays which should rely on legitimate rather than acrobatic methods for their interest and effect.

Surely no limit can be placed to the remarkable versatility of the French nation. When in their dramatic methods salacious suggestiveness had reached a point very little short of absolute indecency, lo! without previous warning, public taste makes a sudden *volte-face*, and morality becomes the sudden fad and fashion of the hour. In literature this unwonted attitude of popular opinion is evidenced by the position recently taken by M. Paul Bourget, who has turned moralist at the risk of being considered dull; while in dramatic work the same is shown by the treatment of the conventional stage husband, who, from having been always in the wrong, has now come to be always in the right, while the friend and lover goes to the wall. This much by way of preface to *The Other Man*, Mr. Fred Horner's adaptation of *Champignol Malgré Lui*, now in its tenth month at the Nouveautés Théâtre, Paris, which was produced for the first time at the Garden Theatre on Monday night, by Mr. Frohman's capable company of comedians, headed by Joseph Holland and Miss Henrietta Crosmann. In the French original, *The Other Man* was about as daringly suggestive as could well be imagined, and so far from having made a poor translation, one is inclined to think that Mr. Horner has in his version of the play cleverly skimmed over the thinnest ice, and retained much of the original fun of the piece most successfully. That in its present shape the play seems to lack motive and a satisfactory conclusion is due to the fact that to comply with our conventional notions of morality Mr. Horner was perforce obliged to do away with many of the original motives of action. It is naturally difficult for English actors to give a just idea of the vivacity and snap of thoroughly French atmosphere and surroundings, but apart from the fact that the production as a whole seemed at times a little lacking in "go," the presentation was a thoroughly capable one, and also, what is more to the point, thoroughly provocative of genuine, wholesome laughter. It was, however, evident that so much of the original plot was necessarily lost or changed in adaptation that the various comic incidents, many of them genuinely amusing and original, which now make the play what it is, overshadowed it entirely. On this account the story at times seemed to stop altogether, as if it were snowed under. For all, however, that it lacks coherency and, in a measure, developed climax, *The Other Man* (a very poor and meaningless title, by-the-way, which could readily be improved upon) can hardly fail to amuse those who are content to accept a light, rollicking, breezy farce for what it is, and who do not insist upon logical development, philosophic thought, and unending laughter combined.

The story as it stands may be briefly told. A young wife who has got into something of a fix by accepting the attentions of a former and discarded lover, causes him to take the place of her husband who is about to be arrested for not having joined his regiment for annual military service at the proper time. The endless complications and humorous incidents of which the play consists grow out of the fact that the real Champignol eventually turns up in camp, and there are therefore two Champignols present, who are unknown to each other. Referring to what was said above as to the notions of morality now prevalent in France, in this case the unfortunate lover gets buffeted about, and comes out at the small end of the horn every time, while the virtuous husband is invariably triumphant. But as in the adaptation the unfortunate lover has really done nothing, the audience fail to see any reason for his being subjected to the buffeting, and consequently sympathize with him and vote the play incoherent, which they are not supposed to do.

The piece was excellently cast, and, with the exception noted above, thoroughly well played. Mr. Holland as the unlucky lover acted, as usual, with great ease and finish. Mr. Herbert Standing, a new arrival, gave an exceedingly neat and well-contrasted sketch of a French officer, Captain Camerette, while Mr. Burns as the real Champignol, and Mr. Brown as an uncle from the country, were genuinely amusing in a thoroughly farcical style. Miss Crosmann also was admirable in spirit and vivacity in the rôle of Madame Champignol. That something can be made out of nothing, and that a thoroughly trained actor may score heavily in an insignificant part, was evidenced by the hit made by Mr. Dietrichstein in the very small rôle of Valence. He was, in fact, almost the star of the performance. Although American audiences can hardly be expected to appreciate to the full the humor and interest of occasional military service as a military nation like the French, *The Other Man* is sufficiently funny in itself to be thoroughly amusing and enjoyable, and is in some respects perhaps the best French dramatic importation that has been seen in this country for some time.

Fanny, the farcical comedy written by Messrs. Sims and Raleigh in evident imitation of *Jane*, may be dismissed in short order. Not even Miss Johnstone Bennett could save it. It ran three nights; R. I. P. Mention of Mr. Thomas's successful play *In Mizzoura* is deferred until next week.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

EX-SECRETARY FISH.

A HISTORIAN of the politics of New York writing forty years ago of the late Hamilton Fish said that it was difficult to describe a character like his, "possessing no salient points, but presenting a happy admixture of all good qualities." This fusion of so many good qualities was due to his cultured ancestry and his education. On his mother's side he was a descendant of Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New York. His father was Nicholas Fish, a soldier of rank and distinction in the Revolutionary War, and a trusted friend of Washington.

Hamilton was born in New York city, August 3, 1808, and was named after his father's intimate friend, Alexander Hamilton. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1827, and admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two.

For some time he was Commissioner of Deeds for the County and City of New York. In 1842 he was elected a Representative in Congress from a district composed of some of the upper wards of this city. Mr. Fish did not possess the qualities of an orator, nor was he fond of debate. On this account his popular reputation was much less than his abilities merited. Then, as now, the hardest and most valuable work was done in the committee-room and not on the floor of the House. Mr. Fish did good service on the Committee for Military Affairs.

In 1846 he was the defeated Whig candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York. The following year, however, this office became vacant, and he was elected to it by a handsome majority. The ability with which he performed its duties increased his popularity, and easily caused his nomination and election for Governor in 1848. He went into office January 1, 1849, and his inaugural message was of so striking a quality that when Seward read it he immediately wrote, "The spirit and tone remind me of better days than these." Mr. Fish was never an ardent partisan—his ideas were too liberal. At this time the New York Whigs were divided into conservatives and radicals. The latter were led by Seward. Governor Fish declined to side with either faction, but was just to both. He wisely considered that it would be better for the factions to unite their influence against the expansion of slave territory, and in his messages he strongly urged the support of the Wilmot Proviso. In one of them he said, speaking of the people of New York, "With them slavery involves a great moral principle, and overrides all questions of temporary and political expediency."

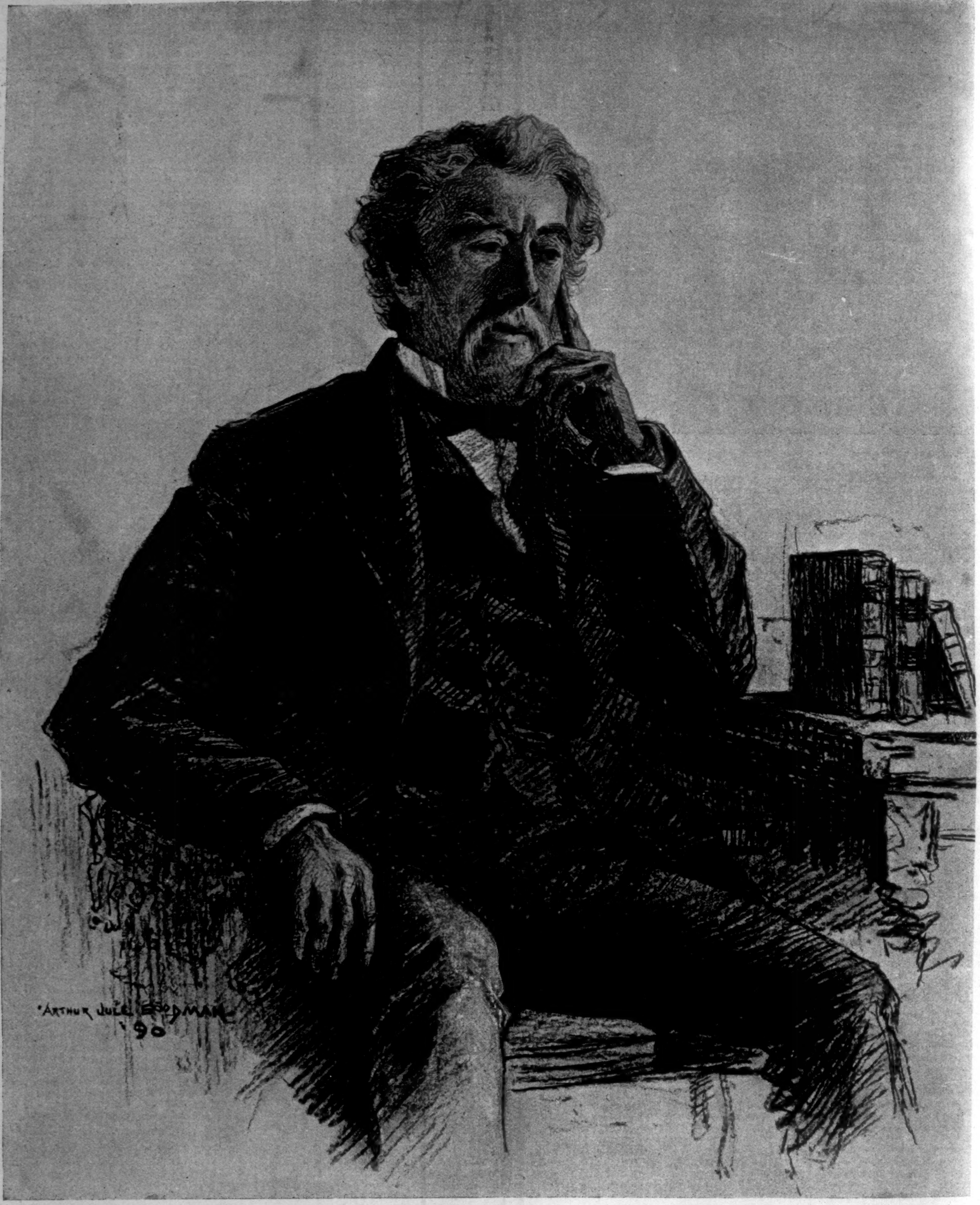
In 1851 he was chosen United States Senator as successor to Daniel S. Dickinson. Mr. Fish, Benjamin F. Wade, and Charles Sumner entered the Senate on the same day, their credentials being presented by Senators Seward, Chase, and Cass, respectively. Although associated with great men, and sharing in the development of some of the most curious measures in our political history, Mr. Fish seemed to shun prominence on the floor of the Senate. He made only a few brief remarks before the Senate, and confined his work almost entirely to the committee-room. On the expiration of his term, in 1857, he removed to Europe with his family, and there spent a few years in travel and congenial studies.

He returned in time to take an active part in the campaign of 1860; for he was one of the counsellors of the Republican party, and had taken great interest in its formation and development. The echoes of the shots fired at Fort Sumter had hardly died away when Mr. Fish, in conjunction with John A. Dix, William M. Evarts, W. E. Dodge, A. T. Stewart, and several other prominent men in New York city, organized the Union Defence Committee. This committee worked day and night, collecting money and provisions of all kinds for the equipment of soldiers and the prosecution of the war, and sent out ten regiments. Prodigious as was its material assistance, the moral effect of such energy, courage, and confidence at such a critical period was of vastly greater value to the cause of the Union.

In January, 1862, Mr. Fish and Bishop Ames were appointed by Secretary Stanton as commissioners to visit the United States soldiers imprisoned in Richmond and elsewhere, with a view to providing for their comfort and exchange. The Confederacy refused to permit the commissioners to come to Richmond, but signified its willingness to carry on negotiations at Norfolk. This finally resulted in a comprehensive cartel, which gave general satisfaction to each side, and greatly lessened the suffering entailed by the war.

From 1862 to the time of Grant's nomination for the Presidency Mr. Fish lived in complete retirement. It was therefore a great surprise when, in March, 1869, Grant appointed him Secretary of State. The eight years of his Secretaryship make up the most important period of his life, for they offered the most favorable opportunities for the exercise of his rare abilities and fine personal qualities. Although this period is very different from the stormy one in which his friend and predecessor Seward served so pertinaciously, it dealt with several problems of a peaceful nature which rank among the most important in our diplomatic history.

The fitting out of Confederate cruisers in British ports had resulted in great commercial losses and hostile feelings on the part of the United States, which were not remedied by the return of peace. Long before the expiration of his Secretaryship, Seward had begun to urge the claims for



THE HON. HAMILTON FISH.—Drawn from life by Arthur J. Goodman.

damages which are commonly known as the *Alabama* claims. Secretary Fish was instrumental in bringing about the treaty of Washington, concluded in May, 1871, which created a basis for the arbitration of these and other claims. Although at the time some dissatisfaction was expressed in each country on different accounts, there has never been any question in regard to the statesmanship and diplomatic dignity with which Secretary Fish did his part.

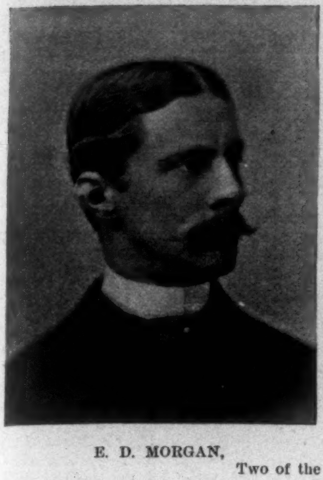
No higher compliment could have been paid to a Secretary of State than Secretary Fish received from Spain and the allied South American republics of Peru, Chili, Ecuador, and Bolivia. When they met in a peace conference in Washington in 1871 to negotiate a convention for a general truce, he was made president of the conference, and the Department of State was named as the place for the exchange of ratifications.

Our relations with Spain during President Grant's first administration were at one time very critical. Cuba was in insurrection, and many Americans sympathized with the attempted revolution. The capture of the American vessel *Virginius* and the summary execution of several of her crew created much popular excitement in the United States. The Secretary was very positive in his demands upon Spain for reparation and an avowal on her part that no insult was intended to our flag. Spain had recently become a republic, and her political affairs were in much confusion. Consequently she was incapable of acting with promptness and precision. To Americans in general there seemed ample justification for a declaration of war, and a more dashing and personally ambitious Secretary of State would doubtless have seized the opportunity to make himself a popular hero by heeding the outcry. But Mr. Fish, as his whole career shows, had none of the qualities of a demagogue. While continuing positive, he was patient, even magnanimous, and accepted the few signs which Spain was able to give of a sincere desire to make reparation, and disregarded the too excited communications of our impetuous Minister to Spain. It was generally understood that President Grant had much less conservative ideas in regard to Cuba.

Mr. Fish's wealth and social accomplishments made him a conspicuous figure in the social life of Washington. Fortunately he was in every respect able to cope with the most favored of the foreign diplomatists, and his social entertainments were in no way dependent upon the rather paltry salary which the government pays the Secretary of State. Although he might fairly have claimed to be an aristocrat, he was thoroughly democratic in his tastes and manners, and was easily accessible.

Upon his retirement from office he returned to New York. For several years he was honored by the presidency of the New York Historical Society, he was Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Columbia College, and he was also President-General of the New York Society of the Cincinnati. Up to the time of his death, on the 7th of September, 1893, he enjoyed the quiet luxury of his city house on East Seventeenth Street, and of his summer home called "Glencliffe," on the Hudson, in Putnam County, surrounded by a fine library, elegant paintings, and many friends.

Frederic Bancroft.



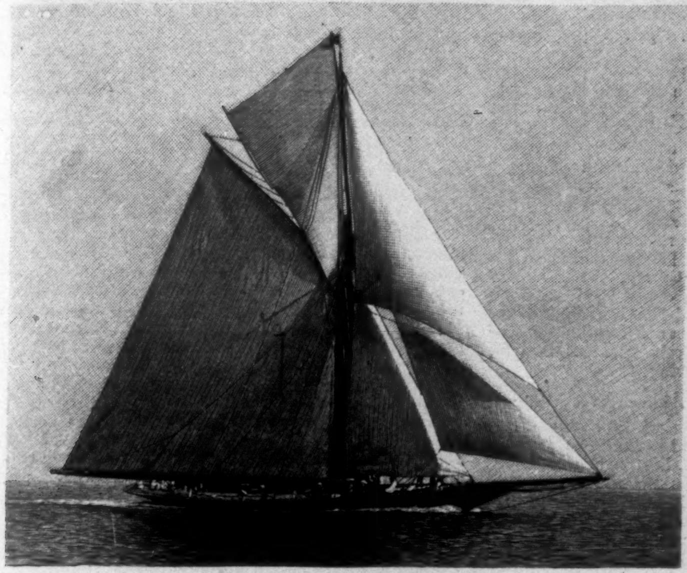
E. D. MORGAN,

C. O. ISELIN,

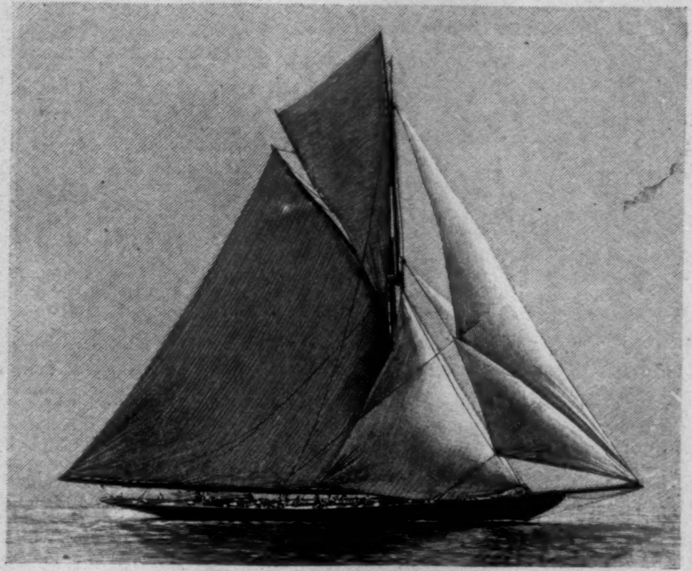
Two of the *Vigilant's* Owners.

ARCHIBALD ROGERS,
Principal Owner of the *Colonia*.

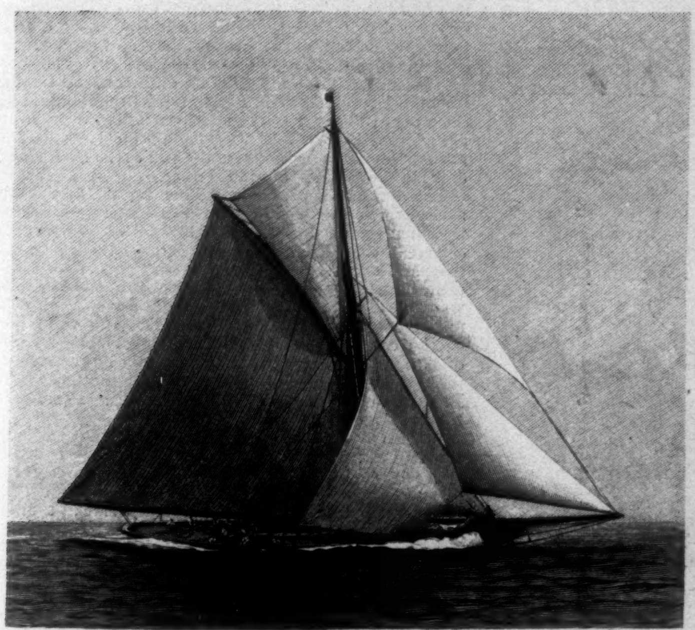
LORD DUNRAVEN,
Owner of the *Valkyrie*.



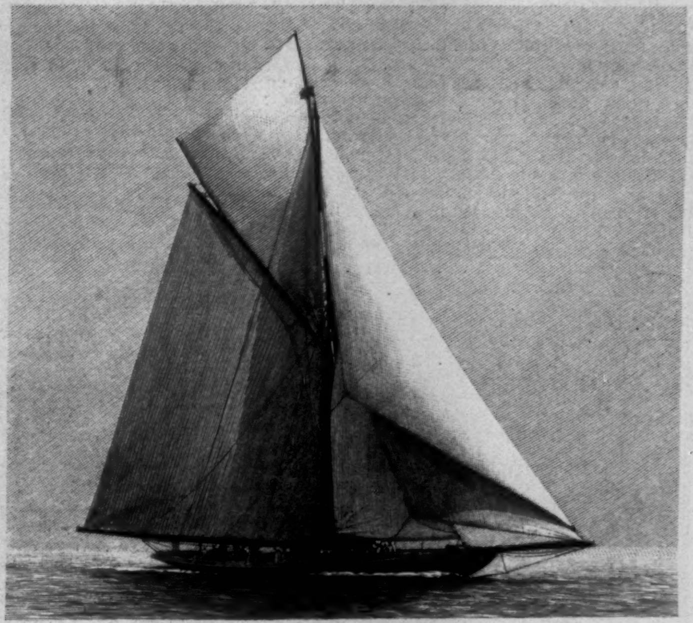
THE "CALLUNA,"
Owned by the Clyde Syndicate.



THE "SATANITA,"
Owned by Mr. A. D. Clarke. Designed by Mr. Soper.

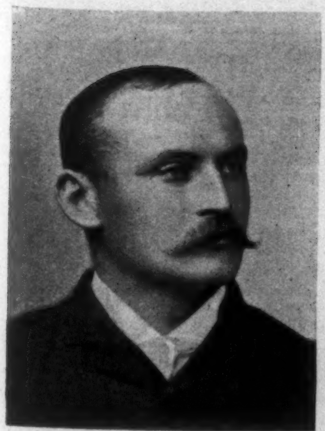


THE "BRITANNIA,"
The English Defender against the *Navahoe* of Cape May and Brenton Reef Cups.

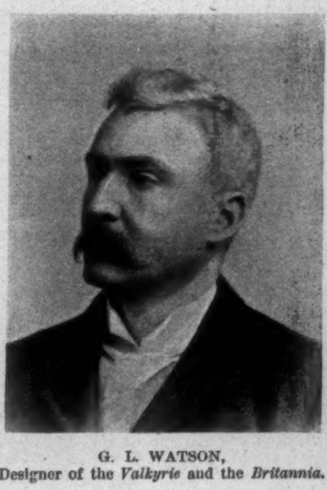


THE "VALKYRIE,"
Challenger for the *America* Cup.

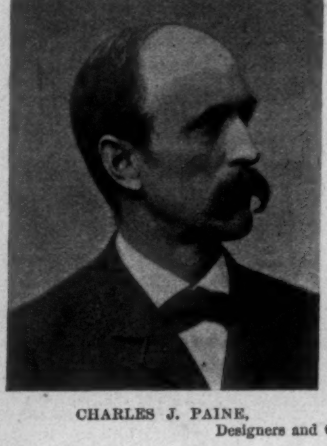
THE BRITISH 85-FOOTERS.—From Photographs by Adamson & Son.



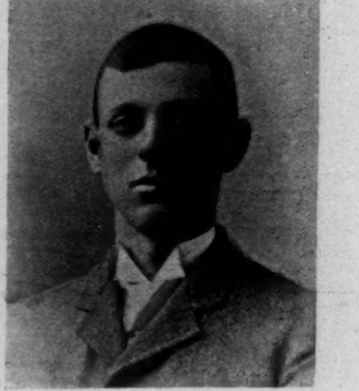
WILLIAM FIFE, JUN.,
Designer of the *Calluna*.



G. L. WATSON,
Designer of the *Valkyrie* and the *Britannia*.



CHARLES J. PAINE,



JOHN B. PAINE,

Designers and Owners of the *Jubilee*.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE.—[SEE PAGE 896.]

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE PEANUT POLITICIAN.

I'M a peanut politician, and there's nothing quite so small
That I wouldn't go and do it if I had the slightest call;
I would work a week to win a vote from anybody's side,
If I had to let the interests of the blooming country slide.

I'm a trimmer, sir, from Trimtown, and I've got an eagle eye,
By the use of which the finest points in politics I spy;
I can rant one day with money that is honest for my text,
And as like as not go voting with the silverites the next.

I'm a most athletic jumper when it comes to change of view;
I can hop from high protection to a tax for revenue;
I can fill the Senate Chamber with the noblest kind of gush,
And can stand on either side of every point and never blush.

I'm a statesman that is modelled after Mr. Paddy's flea,
And there's not a man that's living that can ever corner me;
And whene'er it comes to pledges, I can ladle out a stack,
And I never feel compunctious when I'm taking of 'em back.

So that when I run for office in the year of '96,
I will have my hated rivals in the finest sort of fix;
For I've been all things to all men, and the nation's bound
to see
For that reason every party set on nominating me.

Oh, it pays to be a peanut politician, yes it does,
When you are the finest peanut politish that ever was—
Which is why I give my other eye that fascinating list.
I'm a Demopub free-silver gold high low protectionist.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

AN incident of acute interest to Americans was the unveiling, on the 21st of August, of a statue of Lincoln at Edinburgh, illustrated on page 892 of this paper. The Scotch in the United States are so tenacious of their old-country memories, and so proud of the heroes of their race, that a monument to a Scotchman in America would excite no particular remark. Figures of Sir Walter Scott and Robbie Burns in various durable materials abound in the land, but they are the familiar friends of all lettered Americans, and belong to all the English-speaking world almost as much as to Scotland. Lincoln was peculiarly an American hero, whose services, vast as their value was to his own country, would scarcely be expected to endear him especially to the Scotch. Indeed, his statue has been set up not to commemorate what Americans did for Scotland, but what the Scotch have done for the United States. It stands in old Calton Burying-ground, on a plot given by the Town Council of Edinburgh, and is a monument to the Scottish-American soldiers who served in our civil war. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by the daughter of Mr. Wallace Bruce, for the past four years the popular consul of the United States in that city.

I wonder if it is not the first statue of an American statesman to be set up on European, or at least on British soil? There may be statues of Franklin in France, but Franklin was all things to all men, and spent his best days in Europe, so that his French admirers might reasonably enough have commemorated his services to science and to them. So, too, there may not improbably be statues of Washington in Paris, which the travelled American may recall, though I cannot. In England there is no statue of Washington that I ever heard of, though Lord Rosebery has in his library a very notable and striking portrait of him, which is said to be one of the best in existence.

And speaking of Lincoln, a contemporary paragraph notes that four generations of one branch of the Lincoln family met last month at a Lincoln family reunion at Malden, Massachusetts.

Family reunions seem to be growing very popular. They have been chronicled by the score in the newspapers this summer, and the increasing frequency of them may perhaps be taken as a sign of a growing interest among Americans in family stocks. In Virginia, and more or less generally throughout the South, people have been in the habit of acknowledging their cousins, and keeping some sort of track of them; but it used to be asserted down there that in the North blood was not much thicker than water, and that relationship was but a slender tie, to be recognized or ignored as expediency might direct. The North must be improving in that respect, and perhaps it is well that it is. The tendency of American institutions and of the conditions of life in this country for the last century has been to develop individualism to an extreme degree. Families have been systematically scattered. Some members have gone West, others have moved to town, and all have worked out their independent destinies as best they could. That is a good way; but there are advantages, too, of people of the same blood touching elbows and keeping one another in sight. A large family connection has its drawbacks, but it has compensations too. It involves a degree of mutual assistance that may sometimes be inconvenient to the more prosperous members; but it also involves co-operation which may be helpful to all the parties to it; and by creating new interests in people it helps to quicken one's interest in life. Life is no fun unless one takes an interest in somebody, and to be interested, not exclusively, but genially, in one's relations is a good plan, and is really no more trouble and costs no more than to be interested in people who are other people's relations. Family reunions, provided they are skilfully engineered and do not happen too often, may be pretty good sport, and people who keep out of them for fear of meeting poor relations whom they do not know are in reasonable danger of losing more than they escape.

There is to be an Atkinson colony in California, to test the co-operative theories of Edward Atkinson, and a Bellamy colony in the new Cherokee strip to experiment with Bellamyism. There ought to be a Croker colony started somewhere, where every man might have a pull and make the machine support him. The theory of government by pull is at least as interesting as any other form of co-operation, and it is a pity not to test it under conditions suited to its highest development. Of course the prime need of a Croker colony would be a carcass, and the most interesting result the experiment could give would be to determine whether a carcass can be created by Croker methods, or whether the Croker theories, like those of the Buzzard school, are only operative upon a pre-existing creation.

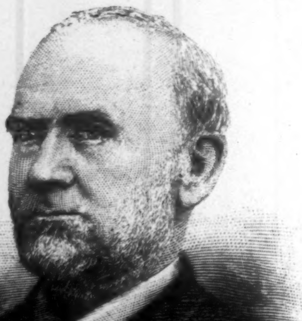
Chaplain Stoecker (he isn't Court Chaplain any longer, though) staid only long enough in New York to get his bearings and get away. But he is coming back after he has been to the fair and visited Montreal and Boston, and there is a prospect that he will stop here over Sunday and preach a sermon. It is to be hoped that so renowned a pulpiteer will not go home without leaving the memory of his eloquence in this metropolis. He should stay here long enough at least to preach, and long enough also, by all means, to receive the compliment of a reception by the Anti-Semites of the Union League Club.

A library is needed for the new cruiser *New York*, for the use of the crew. The cruiser already has a permanent library, handsomely bound, for the officers, and for persons with clean hands who are accustomed to handle books. But that collection should be supplemented by some hundreds of serviceable volumes, plainly bound, for the stokers, coal-passers, and seamen, whose appetite for reading is large and continuous, but destructive to the books read. A common-use library of this sort gets used up on a three years' cruise, but it is a glorious fate for a book to be read to pieces, and it should be deemed a privilege to supply literature for such appreciative use.

The site of the town of Raleigh, on Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina, is for sale for fifteen hundred dollars, and a few patriots of North Carolina propose that it shall be bought and preserved. The earthwork of the colonists is still traceable, though overgrown with trees and vines, and there are stones and bricks to be found which Raleigh's adventurers used in constructing their houses. Dr. Weir Mitchell and Professor Daves of Baltimore lately gave readings at Bar Harbor to aid in raising a fund for the purchase of these historic remains, and as the sum needed is not large, the plan is likely to be carried out. The town of Raleigh had a brief and checkered existence, but it survived long enough to entertain some distinguished company, among others Sir Francis Drake and Sir Richard Grenville. As the first English settlement on the American coast it is thought, not unreasonably, to be worth preserving.

The adage "Out of sight out of mind" has no application to Father Hall, late of the Church of the Evangelist in Boston, and now of Cowley, England. Since Father Hall was recalled two years ago from his Boston charge to the headquarters of his order of Mission Priests in England, there has been a continuous desire in New England to get him back again. Twice he has been a prominent candidate for Bishop of Massachusetts, and now he has just been chosen Bishop of Vermont. He has long been a naturalized American, and it is asserted that if he should choose to accept the election in Vermont he will be released from his vows as one of the Cowley Fathers. Inasmuch as there is no particular liking among American Episcopalians for celibate orders in the Episcopal Church, it is a remarkable testimony to Father Hall's personal and ecclesiastical qualities that his American brethren should be so variously and persistently unwilling to spare him from their councils and their labors.

E. S. MARTIN.



THE LATE DR. R. A. LAMBERTON,
President of the Lehigh University.

THE LATE PRESIDENT LAMBERTON.

AMONG the capable, earnest, and eminently successful college presidents of the land it may well be doubted whether for the specific work committed to him there was a more competent man than the subject of this sketch. The great prosperity and rapid growth of the Lehigh University were in large measure due to him.

Robert A. Lamberton was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, sixty-nine years ago. He achieved great distinction at the Dauphin County bar, and he was active in all matters of local interest connected with his residence at Harrisburg. He was one of the most valuable members of the Board of Trustees of the Lehigh University, being selected for that post by the munificent founder, Judge Packer. When, just after the judge's death, the President's chair became vacant, many eyes were turned to Mr. Lamberton as eminently fitted for that position. Fortunately the trustees were able to secure him. He became President thirteen years ago, and his wise, prudent, and firm administration has thoroughly vindicated their choice. Upon his accession to the office he was created an LL.D. by the University of Pennsylvania. He was not a lecturer or professor, but was very ready of speech in all his utterances before the students, carrying with a clear-cut rhetoric a vein of humor which won their hearts and prompted them to receive his instructions with great cheerfulness. Bringing to his new office the methods of a systematic lawyer, and the logical acumen so necessary at the bar and in business, he was particularly remarkable for his practical treatment of all business matters connected with the institution. He came in what may be called the "building-up" period, and was just the man for the period. During his administration the large chemical laboratory and the School of Mines were finished, and the memorial chapel to Judge Packer's family was built, entirely at the expense of Mrs. Cummings, the surviving daughter of Judge Packer; it has been said to be the finest college chapel in the world. A very complete gymnasium was erected also, and a physical laboratory second to none in this country has just been completed. All these structures received the constant care and attention of Dr. Lamberton.

In 1879 the institution had very few students. During his administration the numbers steadily increased, until they reached over six hundred. He had, indeed, a strong faculty in full co-operation with him, but much of this prosperity was due to his personal influence and judicious labors.

Dr. Lamberton had attained to the highest honors in the Masonic brotherhood. He was a consistent Christian man and a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was for twenty years secretary of the Diocesan Convention; for the same period a member of the several general conventions of the same Church; and in character and life, by precept and example, he was a good model for students to follow. With a firm hand and a fearless purpose, he had a tender heart and a sensitive nature, which caused the students to respect and to love him.

He died suddenly on Friday night, September 1st, of apoplexy, and was buried on Tuesday in the cemetery of his old home at Harrisburg. His loss to the Lehigh University and to his friends is almost irreparable.

HENRY COPPÉE.

THE ADVANCE-GUARD, OR THE MILITARY SACRIFICE.

WHERE a good system of vidette-work is kept up it is seldom that the main body of the advance-guard is surprised or ambuscaded. Our American Indians when at war are much given to stalking an enemy. They charge and retreat with marvellous celerity, and by their knowledge of the country in which they operate, they always retire to the most difficult ground, of which there are vast areas in our West, of widely different sorts. The Apache takes to the high stony peaks of the Sierra, where he can look down on his pursuers. The old Comanches used to "pull out" into the great deserts of the Staked Plain, and many a command has nearly famished for water on their trail. The Northern Plains Indians thread the defiles of the Bad Lands, which are winding and devious, and of which they know every foot. This is the country that my drawing represents. It is like the bottom of the sea in contour, taking strange forms, but dry and verdureless. When troops are scouting or moving through these lands they need all their eyes, and when the vidette ranges out in front and flank he is at the mercy of his pot-hunting foe. He knows it himself, and as he moves along he's a good man if his heart doesn't thump a little. A Sioux can lay along a clay butte and "pump a Winchester" into an advancing trooper, and can only be dislodged or "developed" by the advance of a heavy body of troops. I remember to have seen two young negroes of the Ninth Cavalry go down a nasty defile commanded by a thousand points, when they had no more chance of escape than poor shooting would afford. The Sixth Cavalry did lots of "Bad Land scouting" in the last Sioux outbreak, and from an impression I received there I got my picture, though I did not see a man killed. I have experienced myself the feeling of going up a narrow trail to a mesa which was supposed to harbor hundreds of Sioux, and I can't remember that I was enjoying myself at the time, either.

The remorselessness of war, however, makes this advance necessary, on the principle that it is better to sacrifice one or two men than a dozen, or possibly all of the command. I can recall the history of several ambuscades of United States troops in our Western Indian wars which were made possible by neglect of good advance-work; and in our earlier wars in the more eastern portions of the continent there were many such, notably that of Braddock. In reading the diary of the celebrated Major Robert Rogers, the ranger chief of 1757, I note what great stress he lays on the vidette-work in his plan of discipline, and he was the most successful Indian-fighter who ever lived in America. I cannot forbear to give some extracts:

"Whenever you are ordered out to the enemy's forts or frontiers for discoveries, if your number be small, march in a single file, keeping at such a distance from each other as to prevent one shot from killing two men, sending one man or more forward, and the like on each side at a distance of twenty yards from the main body."

"If you march over marshes or soft ground change your position, and march abreast of each other to prevent the enemy from tracking you, as they would do if you marched in a single file. March until it is quite dark before you encamp, which do, if possible, on a piece of ground that may afford your sentries the advantage of seeing or hearing the enemy at some considerable distance, keeping one-half of your body awake alternately through the night."

"If you oblige the enemy to retreat, be careful, in pursuit of them, to keep out your flanking parties to prevent them from gaining eminences or rising grounds, in which case they would, perhaps, be able to rally and repulse you in their turn."

"When you encamp at night fix your sentries in such a manner as not to be relieved from the main body till morning, profound secrecy and silence being often of the last importance in these cases."

"Before you leave your encampment send out small parties to scout round it, to see if there be any appearance or track of an enemy that might have been near you during the night."

"When you stop for refreshments let a small party waylay the path you came in lest the enemy should be pursuing."

"If the enemy pursue your rear, take a circle till you come to your own tracks, and there form an ambush to receive them."

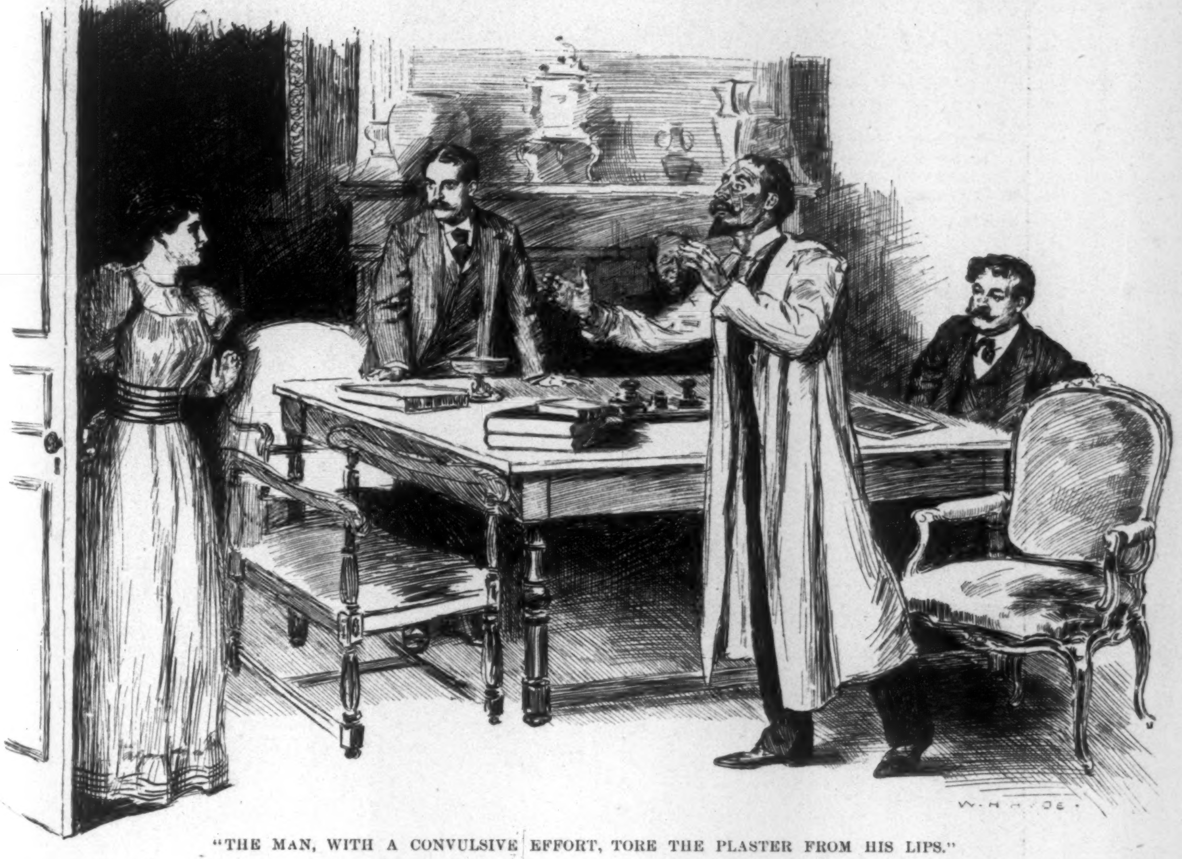
All this is interesting and curious, and was well followed by that redoubtable leader. Our American Indians know everything that goes on for forty miles on every side of the movement of the main body, and our cavalrymen of the Plains have been taught the lesson. So up the cañons and over the rocks goes the individual point of the big machine, "with his life on his sleeve." There is no touch of elbow, and no comfort or glory to gain. He hears a report, feels a shock, reels in his saddle, while his stricken horse plunges under him, and then the dull brain reels and faints; but the captain in command knows that the ground in front is occupied, and take measures in accordance.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "THE GREAT SHADOW," "MICAH CLARKE," ETC.



"THE MAN, WITH A CONVULSIVE EFFORT, TORE THE PLASTER FROM HIS LIPS."

THE GREEK INTERPRETER.

During my long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I had never heard him refer to his relations, and hardly ever to his own early life. This reticence upon his part had increased the somewhat inhuman effect which he produced upon me, until sometimes I found myself regarding him as an isolated phenomenon, a brain without a heart, as deficient in human sympathy as he was pre-eminent in intelligence. His aversion to women and his disinclination to form new friendships were both typical of his unemotional character, but not more so than his complete suppression of every reference to his own people. I had come to believe that he was an orphan with no relatives living; but one day, to my very great surprise, he began to talk to me about his brother.

It was after tea on a summer evening, and the conversation, which had roamed in a desultory, spasmodic fashion from golf clubs to the causes of the change in the obliquity of the ecliptic, came round at last to the question of atavism and hereditary aptitudes. The point under discussion was how far any singular gift in an individual was due to his ancestry, and how far to his own early training.

"In your own case," said I, "from all that you have told me, it seems obvious that your faculty of observation and your peculiar facility for deduction are due to your own systematic training."

"To some extent," he answered, thoughtfully. "My ancestors were country squires, who appear to have led much the same life as is natural to their class. But none the less my turn that way is in my veins, and may have come with my grandmother, who was the sister of Vernet, the French artist. Art in the blood is liable to take the strangest forms."

"But how do you know that it is hereditary?"

"Because my brother Mycroft possesses it in a larger degree than I do."

This was news to me indeed. If there was another man with such singular powers in England, how was it that neither police nor public had heard of him? I put the question, with a hint that it was my companion's modesty which made him acknowledge his brother as his superior. Holmes laughed at my suggestion.

"My dear Watson," said he, "I cannot agree with those who rank modesty among the virtues. To the logician all things should be seen exactly as they are, and to underestimate one's self is as much a departure from truth as to exaggerate one's own powers. When I say, therefore, that Mycroft has better powers of observation than I, you may take it that I am speaking the exact and literal truth."

"Is he your junior?"

"Seven years my senior."

"How comes it that he is unknown?"

"Oh, he is very well known in his own circle."

"Where, then?"

"Well, in the Diogenes Club, for example."

I had never heard of the institution, and my face must have proclaimed as much, for Sherlock Holmes pulled out his watch.

"The Diogenes Club is the queerest club in London, and Mycroft one of the queerest men. He's always there from quarter to five to twenty to eight. It's six now, so if you care for a stroll this beautiful evening, I shall be very happy to introduce you to two curiosities."

Five minutes later we were in the street, walking towards Regent's Circus.

"You wonder," said my companion, "why it is that Mycroft does not use his powers for detective work. He is incapable of it."

"But I thought you said—"

"I said that he was my superior in observation and deduction. If the art of the detective began and ended in reasoning from an arm-chair, my brother would be the greatest criminal agent that ever lived. But he has no ambition and no energy. He will not even go out of his way to verify his own solutions, and would rather be considered wrong than to take the trouble to prove himself right. Again and again I have taken a problem to him and have received an explanation which has afterwards proved to be the correct one. And yet he was absolutely incapable of working out the practical points which must be gone into before a case could be laid before a judge or jury."

"It is not his profession, then?"

"By no means. What is to me a means of livelihood is to him the merest hobby of a dilettante. He has an extraordinary faculty for figures, and audits the books in some of the government departments. Mycroft lodges in Pall Mall, and he walks round the corner into Whitehall every morning and back every evening. From year's end to year's end he takes no other exercise, and is seen nowhere else except only in the Diogenes Club, which is just opposite his rooms."

"I cannot recall the name."

"Very likely not. There are many men in London, you know, who, some from shyness, some from misanthropy, have no wish for the company of their fellows. Yet they are not averse to comfortable chairs and the latest periodicals. It is for the convenience of these that the Diogenes Club was started, and it now contains the most unsociable and unclubbable men in town. No member is permitted to take the least notice of any other one. Save in the Stranger's Room, no talking is under any circumstances allowed, and three offences, if brought to the notice of the committee, render the talker liable to expulsion. My brother was one of the founders, and I have myself found it a very soothing atmosphere."

We had reached Pall Mall as we talked, and were walking down it from the St. James's end. Sherlock Holmes stopped at a door some little distance from the Carlton, and cautioning me not to speak, he led the way into the hall. Through the glass panelling I caught a glimpse of a large and luxurious room, in which a considerable number of men were sitting about and reading papers, each in his own little nook. Holmes showed me into a small chamber which looked out into Pall Mall, and then leaving me for a minute, he came back with a companion whom I knew could only be his brother.

Mycroft Holmes was a much larger and stouter man than Sherlock. His body was absolutely corpulent; but his face, though massive, had preserved something of the sharpness of expression which was so remarkable in that of his brother. His eyes, which were of a peculiarly light watery gray, seemed to always retain that far-away introspective look which I had only observed in Sherlock's when he was exerting his full powers.

"I am glad to meet you, sir," said he, putting out a broad fat hand like the flipper of a seal. "I hear of Sherlock everywhere since you became his chronicler. By-the-way, Sherlock, I expected to see you round last week to consult me over that Manor-house case. I thought you might be a little out of your depth."

"No, I solved it," said my friend, smiling.

"It was Adams, of course."

"Yes, it was Adams."

"I was sure of it from the first." The two sat down together in the bow-window of the club. "To any one who wishes to study mankind this is the spot," said Mycroft. "Look at the magnificent types! Look at these two men who are coming towards us, for example."

"The billiard-marker and the other?"

"Precisely. What do you make of the other?"

The two men had stopped opposite the window. Some chalk marks over the waistcoat pocket were the only signs of billiards which I could see in one of them. The other was a very small dark fellow with his hat pushed back and several packages under his arm.

"An old soldier, I perceive," said Sherlock.

"And very recently discharged," remarked the brother.

"Served in India, I see."

"And a non-commissioned officer."

"Royal artillery, I fancy," said Sherlock.

"And a widower."

"But with a child."

"Children, my dear boy, children."

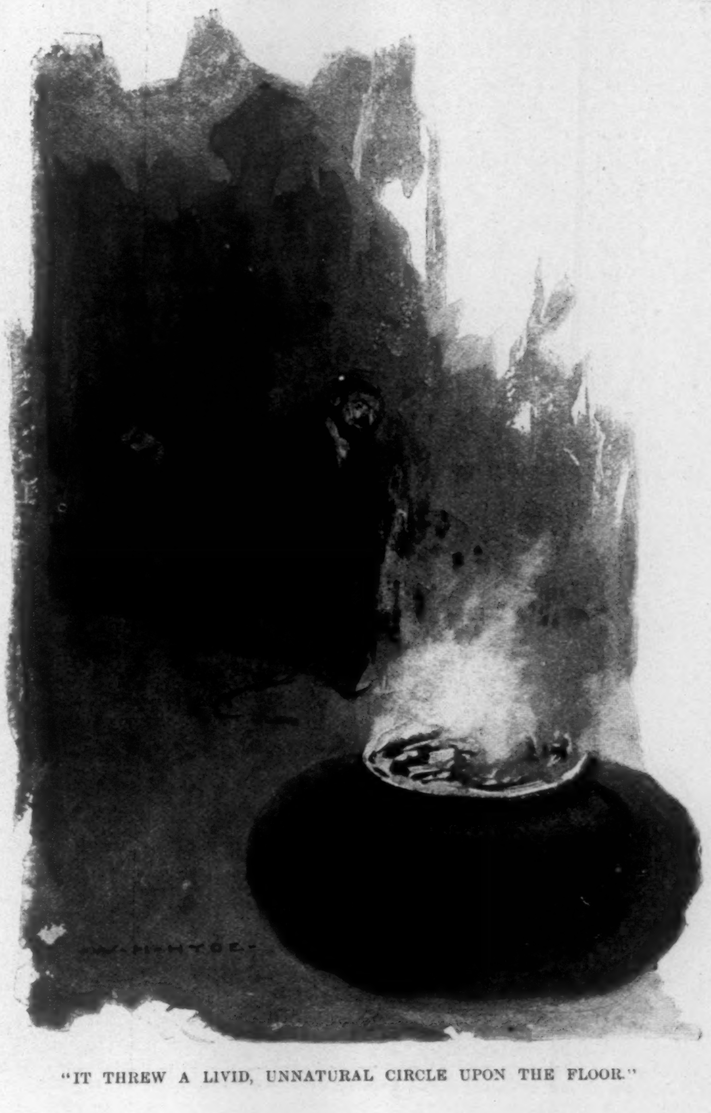
"Come," said I, laughing. "This is a little too much."

"Surely," answered Holmes, "it is not hard to say that a man with that bearing, expression of authority, and sun-baked skin is a soldier, is more than a private, and is not long from India."

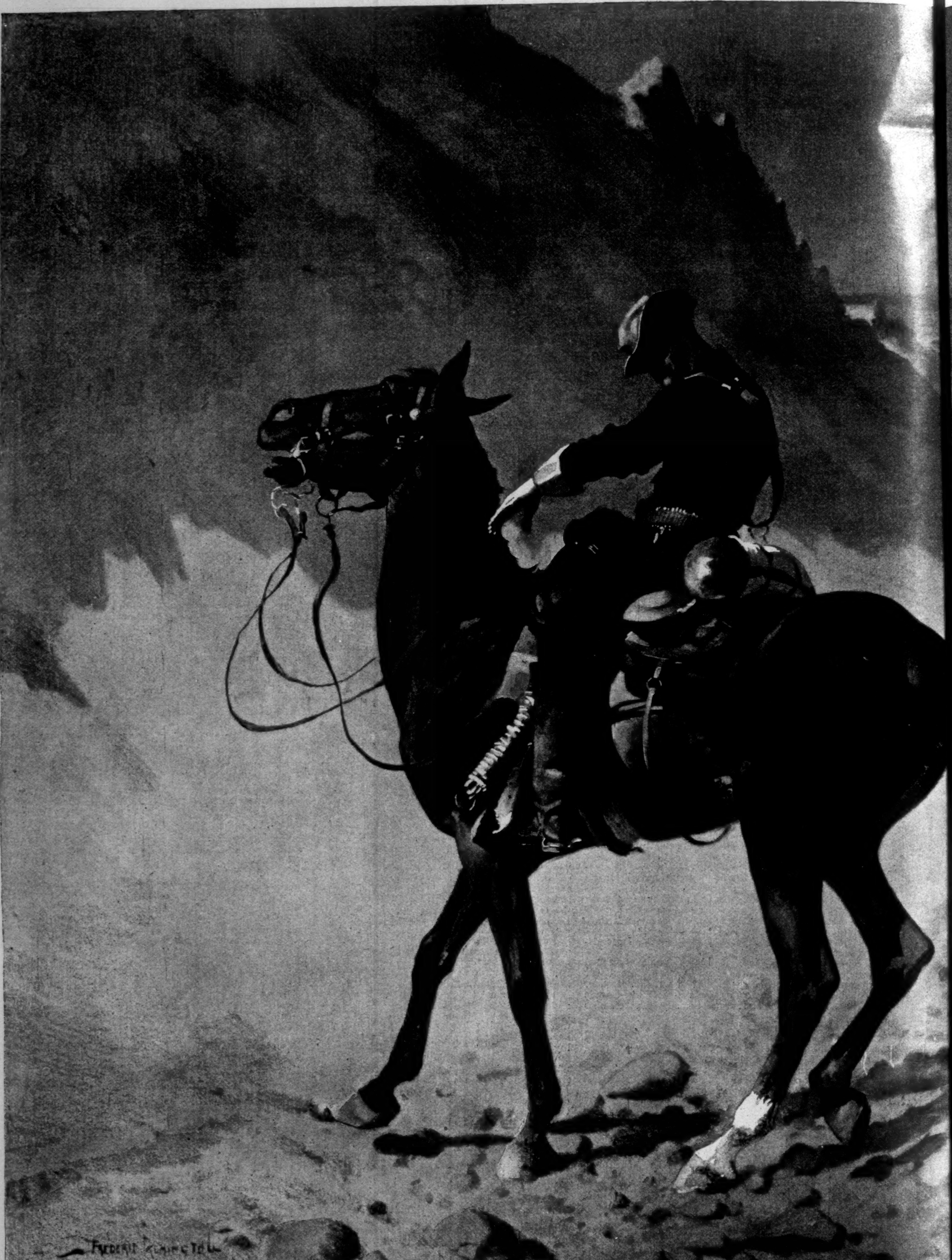
"That he has not left the service long is shown by his still wearing his ammunition boots, as they are called," observed Mycroft.

"He had not the cavalry stride, yet he wore his hat on one side, as is shown by the lighter skin on that side of his brow. His weight is against his being a sapper. He is in the artillery."

"Then of course his complete mourning shows that he has lost some one very dear. The fact that he is doing his own shopping looks as though it were his wife. He has been buying things for children, you perceive. There is a rattle, which shows that one of them is very young. The wife probably died in childbed. The fact that he has a

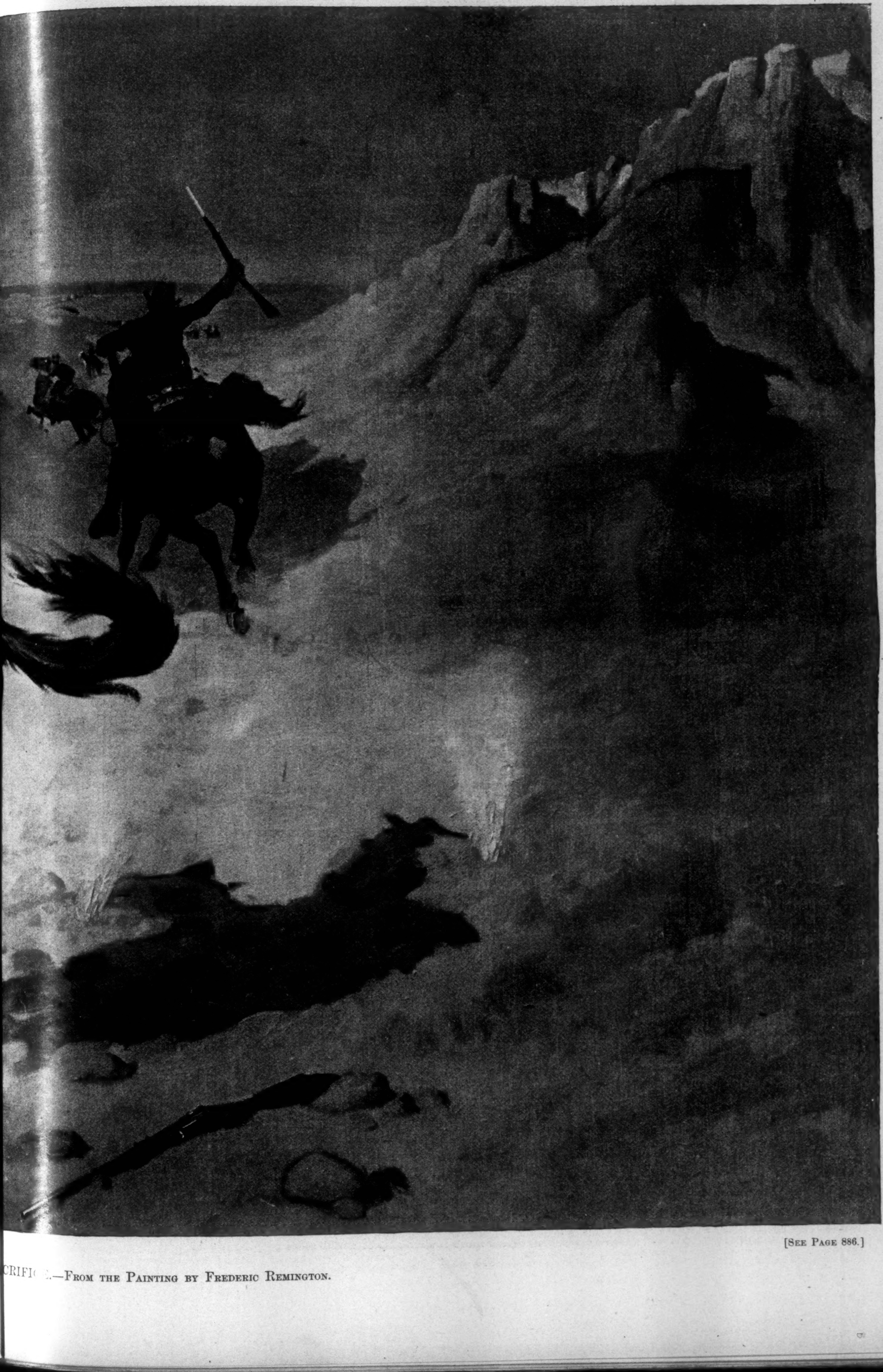


"IT THREW A LIVID, UNNATURAL CIRCLE UPON THE FLOOR."



FREDERIC REMINGTON

THE ADVANCE-GUARD, OR THE MILITARY SAC



[See Page 886.]

CRIFICE.—From the Painting by Frederic Remington.

picture-book under his arm shows that there is another child to be thought of.”

I began to understand what my friend meant when he said that his brother possessed even keener faculties than he did himself. He glanced across at me and smiled. Mycroft took snuff from a tortoise-shell box, and brushed away the wandering grains from his coat front with a large red silk handkerchief.

“By-the-way, Sherlock,” said he, “I have had something quite after your own heart—a most singular problem—submitted to my judgment. I really had not the energy to follow it up save in a very incomplete fashion, but it gave me a basis for some pleasing speculations. If you would care to hear the facts—”

“My dear Mycroft, I should be delighted.”

The brother scribbled a note upon a leaf of his pocket-book, and ringing the bell, he handed it to the waiter.

“I have asked Mr. Melas to step across,” said he. “He lodges on the floor above me, and I have some slight acquaintance with him, which led him to come to me in his perplexity. Mr. Melas is a Greek by extraction, as I understand, and he is a remarkable linguist. He earns his living partly as interpreter in law courts, and partly by acting as guide to any wealthy Orientals who may visit the Northumberland Avenue hotels. I think I will leave him to tell his very remarkable experience in his own fashion.”

A few minutes later we were joined by a short stout man whose olive face and coal-black hair proclaimed his Southern origin, though his speech was that of an educated Englishman. He shook hands eagerly with Sherlock Holmes, and his dark eyes sparkled with pleasure when he understood that the specialist was anxious to hear his story.

“I do not believe that the police credit me—on my word I do not,” said he, in a wailing voice. “Just because they have never heard of it before, they think that such a thing cannot be. But I know that I shall never be easy in my mind until I know what has become of my poor man with the sticking-plaster upon his face.”

“I am all attention,” said Sherlock Holmes.

“This is Wednesday evening,” said Mr. Melas. “Well, then, it was on Monday night—only two days ago, you understand—that all this happened. I am an interpreter, as perhaps my neighbor there has told you. I interpret all languages, or nearly all; but as I am a Greek by birth and with a Grecian name, it is with that particular tongue that I am principally associated. For many years I have been the chief Greek interpreter in London, and my name is very well known in the hotels.

“It happens not unfrequently that I am sent for at strange hours by foreigners who get into difficulties or by travellers who arrive late and wish my services. I was not surprised, therefore, on Monday night, when a Mr. Latimer, a very fashionably dressed young man, came up to my rooms and asked me to accompany him in a cab which was waiting at the door. A Greek friend had come to see him upon business, he said, and as he could speak nothing but his own tongue, the services of an interpreter were indispensable. He gave me to understand that his house was some little distance off, in Kensington, and he seemed to be in a great hurry, bustling me rapidly into the cab when we had descended to the street.

“I say into the cab, but I soon became doubtful as to whether it was not a carriage in which I found myself. It was certainly more roomy than the ordinary four-wheeled disgrace to London, and the fittings, though frayed, were of rich quality. Mr. Latimer seated himself opposite to me, and we started off through Charing Cross and up the Shaftesbury Avenue. We had come out upon Oxford Street, and I ventured some remark as to this being a roundabout way to Kensington, when my words were arrested by the extraordinary conduct of my companion.

“He began by drawing a most formidable-looking bludgeon, loaded with lead, from his pocket, and switching it backwards and forwards several times, as if to test its weight and strength. Then he placed it without a word upon the seat behind him. Having done this, he drew up the windows on each side, and I found, to my astonishment, that they were covered with paper, so as to prevent my seeing through them.

“‘I am sorry to cut off your view, Mr. Melas,’ said he. ‘The fact is that I have no intention that you should see what the place is to which we are driving. It might possibly be inconvenient to me if you could find your way there again.’

“As you can imagine, I was utterly taken aback by such an address. My companion was a powerful, broad-shouldered young fellow, and, apart from the weapon, I should not have had the slightest chance in a struggle with him.

“‘This is very extraordinary conduct, Mr. Latimer,’ I stammered. ‘You must be aware that what you are doing is quite illegal.’

“‘It is somewhat of a liberty, no doubt,’ said he; ‘but we’ll make it up to you. I must warn you, however, Mr. Melas, that if at any time to-night you attempt to raise an alarm or do anything which is against my interests, you will find it a very serious thing. I beg you to remember that no one knows where you are, and that whether you are in this carriage or in my house, you are equally in my power.’

“His words were quiet, but he had a rasping way of saying them which was very menacing. I sat in silence, wondering what on earth could be his reason for kidnapping me in this extraordinary fashion. Whatever it might be, it was perfectly clear that there was no possible use in my resisting, and that I could only wait to see what might befall.

“For nearly two hours we drove without my having the least clew as to where we were going. Sometimes the rattle of the stones told of a paved causeway, and at others our smooth silent course suggested asphalt; but save by this variation in sound, there was nothing at all which could in the remotest way help me to form a guess as to where we were. The paper over each window was impenetrable to light, and a blue curtain was drawn across the glass-work in front. It was a quarter past seven when we left Pall Mall, and my watch showed me that it was ten minutes to nine when we at last came to a standstill. My companion let down the window, and I caught a glimpse of a low arched doorway, with a lamp burning above it. As I was hurried from the carriage it was swung open, and I found myself inside the house, with a vague impression of a lawn and trees on each side of me as I entered. Whether these were private grounds, however, or *bona fide* country, was more than I could possibly venture to say.

“There was a colored gas lamp inside, which was turned so low that I could see little save that the hall was of some size and hung with pictures. In the dim light I could make out that the person who had opened the door was a small, mean-looking, middle-aged man with rounded shoulders. As he turned towards us, the glint of the light showed me that he was wearing glasses.

“‘Is this Mr. Melas, Harold?’ said he.

“‘Yes.’

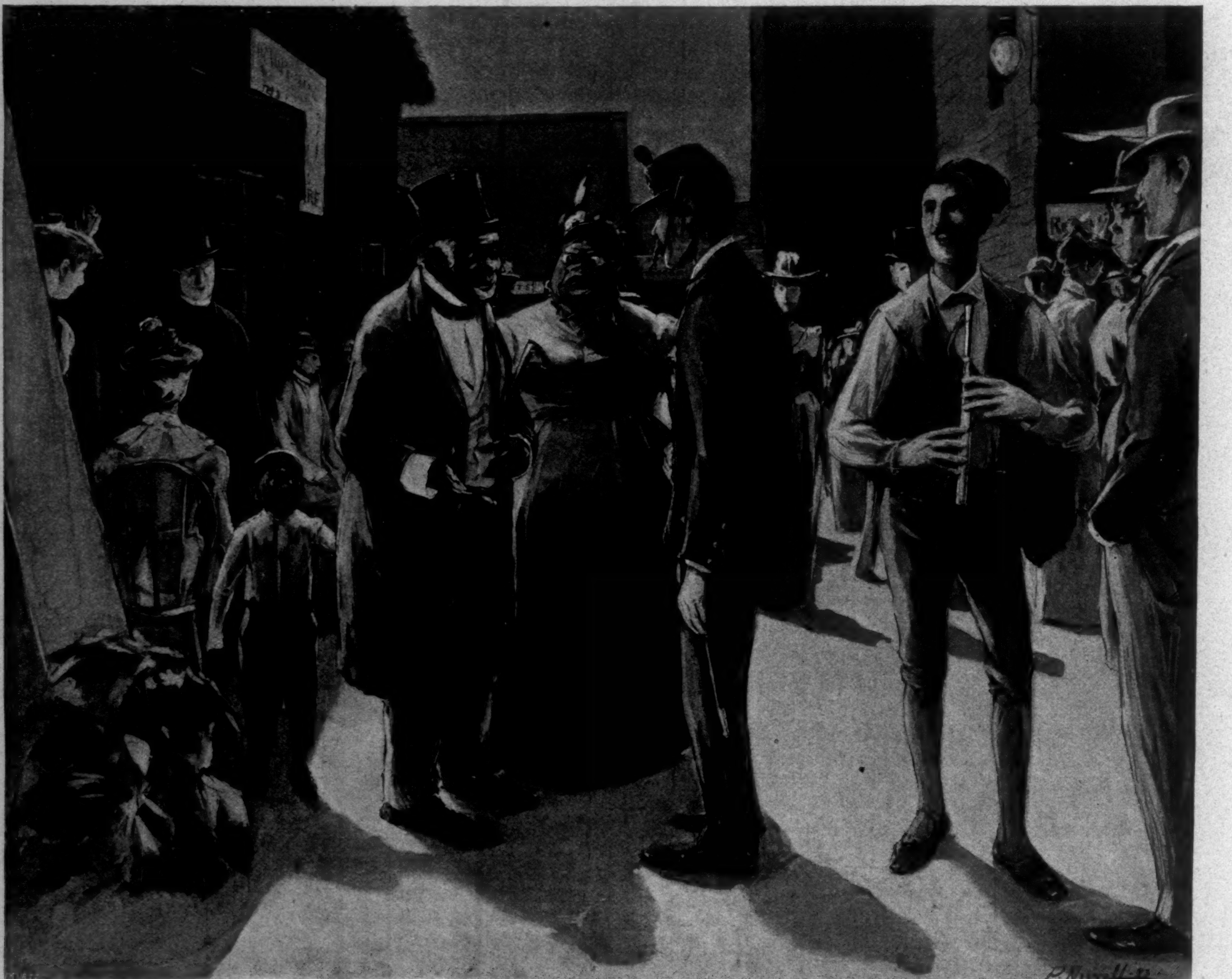
“‘Well done, well done. No ill will, Mr. Melas, I hope, but we could not get on without you. If you deal fair with us you’ll not regret it; but if you try any tricks, God help you!’ He spoke in a nervous, jerky fashion, and with little giggling laughs in between, but somehow he impressed me with fear more than the other.

“‘What do you want with me?’ I asked.

“‘Only to ask a few questions of a Greek gentleman who is visiting us, and to let us have the answers. But say no more than you are told to say, or’—here came the nervous giggle again—‘you had better never have been born.’

“As he spoke, he opened a door and showed the way into a room which appeared to be very richly furnished, but again the only light was afforded by a single lamp, half turned down. The chamber was certainly large, and the way in which my feet sank into the carpet as I stepped across it told me of its richness. I caught glimpses of velvet chairs, a high white marble mantel-piece, and what seemed to be a suit of Japanese armor at one side of it. There was a chair just under the lamp, and the elderly man motioned that I should sit in it. The younger had left us, but he suddenly returned through another door, leading with him a gentleman clad in some sort of loose dressing-gown, who moved slowly toward us. As he came into the circle of dim light, which enabled me to see him more clearly, I was thrilled with horror at his appearance. He was deadly pale and terribly emaciated, with the protruding brilliant eyes of a man whose spirit was greater than his strength. But what shocked me more than any signs of physical weakness was that his face was grotesquely criss-crossed with sticking-plaster, and that one large pad of it was fastened over his mouth.

“‘Have you the slate, Harold?’ cried the older man, as this strange being fell rather than sat down into a chair. ‘Are his hands loose? Now, then, give him the pencil. You are to ask the questions, Mr. Melas, and he will write the



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISITS LADY ABERDEEN’S IRISH VILLAGE AND BLARNEY CASTLE.

THE GUARD. “What’s the matter, now?”

MR. JOHNSON. “Nuffin’s de mattah, sah, ’cept de old lady’s pow’ful jealous ’kase I kissed de blarney-stone.”

answers. Ask him, first of all, whether he is prepared to sign the papers.’

“The man's eyes flashed fire.

“‘Never,’ he wrote in Greek upon the slate.

“‘On no conditions?’ I asked, at the bidding of our tyrant.

“‘Only if I see her married in my presence by a Greek priest whom I know.’

“The man giggled in his venomous way.

“‘You know what awaits you, then?’

“‘I care nothing for myself.’

“These are samples of the questions and answers which made up our strange half-spoken, half-written conversation. Again and again I had to ask him whether he would give in and sign the documents. Again and again I had the same indignant reply. But soon a happy thought came to me I took to adding on little sentences of my own to each question, innocent ones at first, to test whether either of our companions knew anything of the matter; and then, as I found that they showed no sign, I played a more dangerous game. Our conversation ran something like this:

“‘You can do no good by this obstinacy. *Who are you?*’

“‘I care not. *I am a stranger in London.*’

“‘Your fate will be on your own head. *How long have you been here?*’

“‘Let it be so. *Three weeks.*’

“‘The property can never be yours. *What ails you?*’

“‘It shall not go to villains. *They are starving me.*’

“‘You shall go free if you sign. *What house is this?*’

“‘I will never sign. *I do not know.*’

“‘You are not doing her any service. *What is your name?*’

“‘Let me hear her say so. *Paul Kratides.*’

“‘You shall see her if you sign. *Where are you from?*’

“‘Then I shall never see her. *Athens.*’

“Another five minutes, Mr. Holmes, and I should have wormed out the whole story under their very noses. My very next question might have cleared the matter up; but at that instant the door opened, and a woman stepped into the room. I could not see her clearly enough to know more than that she was tall and graceful, with black hair, and clad in some sort of loose white gown.

“‘Harold,’ said she, speaking English with a broken accent, ‘I could not stay away longer. It is so lonely up there with only— Oh, my God! It is Paul!’

“These last words were in Greek; and at the same instant the man, with a convulsive effort, tore the plaster from his lips, and screaming out ‘Sophy! Sophy!’ rushed into the woman's arms. Their embrace was but for an instant, however, for the younger man seized the woman and pushed her out of the room, while the elder easily overpowered his emaciated victim, and dragged him away through the other door. For a moment I was left alone in the room, and I sprang to my feet, with some vague idea that I might in some way get a clew to what this house was in which I found myself. Fortunately, however, I took no steps, for, looking up, I saw that the older man was standing in the doorway, with his eyes fixed upon me.

“‘That will do, Mr. Melas,’ said he. ‘You perceive that we have taken you into our confidence over some very private business. We should not have troubled you, only that our friend who speaks Greek, and who began these negotiations, has been forced to return to the East. It was quite necessary for us to find some one to take his place, and we were fortunate in hearing of your powers.’

“I bowed.

“‘There are five sovereigns here,’ said he, walking up to me, ‘which will, I hope, be a sufficient fee. But remember,’ he added, tapping me lightly on the chest and giggling, ‘if you speak to a human soul about this—one human soul, mind—well, may God have mercy upon your soul!’

“I cannot tell you the loathing and horror with which this insignificant-looking man inspired me. I could see him better now as the lamp-light shone upon him. His features were peaky and sallow, and his little pointed beard was thready and ill-nourished. He pushed his face forward as he spoke, and his lips and eyelids were continually twitching, like a man with St. Vitus's dance. I could not help thinking that his strange catchy little laugh was also a symptom of some nervous malady. The terror of his face lay in his eyes, however, steel-gray, and glistening coldly with a malignant inexorable cruelty in their depths.

“‘We shall know if you speak of this,’ said he. ‘We have our own means of information. Now you will find the carriage waiting, and my friend will see you on your way.’

“I was hurried through the hall and into the vehicle, again obtaining that momentary glimpse of trees and a garden. Mr. Latimer followed closely at my heels, and took his place opposite to me without a word. In silence we again drove for an interminable distance with the windows raised, until at last, just after midnight, the carriage pulled up.

“‘You will get down here, Mr. Melas,’ said my companion. ‘I am sorry to leave you so far from your house, but there is no alternative. Any attempt upon your part to follow the carriage can only end in injury to yourself.’

“He opened the door as he spoke, and I had hardly time to spring out when the coachman lashed the horse and the carriage rattled away. I looked round me in astonishment. I was on some sort of a heathy common mottled over with dark clumps of furze-bushes. Far away stretched a line of houses, with a light here and there in the upper windows. On the other side I saw the red signal-lamps of a railway.

“The carriage which had brought me was already out of sight. I stood gazing round and wondering where on earth I might be, when I saw some one coming towards me in the darkness. As he came up to me I made out that it was a railway porter.

“‘Can you tell me what place this is?’ I asked.

“‘Wandsworth Common,’ said he.

“‘Can I get a train into town?’

“‘If you walk on a mile or so to Clapham Junction,’ said he. ‘You'll just be in time for the last to Victoria.’

“So that was the end of my adventure, Mr. Holmes. I do not know where I was, nor whom I spoke with, nor anything save what I have told you. But I know that there is foul play going on, and I want to help that unhappy man if I can. I told the whole story to Mr. Mycroft Holmes next morning, and subsequently to the police.”

We all sat in silence for some little time after listening to this extraordinary narrative. Then Sherlock looked across at his brother.

“Any steps?” he asked.

Mycroft picked up the *Daily News*, which was lying on the side table.

“‘Anybody supplying any information as to the whereabouts of a Greek gentleman named Paul Kratides, from Athens, who is unable to speak English, will be rewarded. A similar reward paid to any one giving information about a Greek lady whose first name is Sophy. X 2473.’ That was in all the dailies. No answer.”

“How about the Greek Legation?”

“I have inquired. They know nothing.”

“A wire to the head of the Athens police, then.”

“Sherlock has all the energy of the family,” said Mycroft, turning to me. “Well, you take the case up by all means, and let me know if you do any good.”

“Certainly,” answered my friend, rising from his chair. “I'll let you know, and Mr. Melas also. In the mean time, Mr Melas, I should certainly be on my guard if I were you, for of course they must know through these advertisements that you have betrayed them.”

As we walked home together, Holmes stopped at a telegraph office and sent off several wires.

“You see, Watson,” he remarked, “our evening has been by no means wasted. Some of my most interesting cases have come to me in this way through Mycroft. The problem which we have just listened to, although it can admit of but one explanation, has still some distinguishing features.”

“You have hopes of solving it?”

“Well, knowing as much as we do, it will be singular indeed if we fail to discover the rest. You must yourself have formed some theory which will explain the facts to which we have listened.”

“In a vague way, yes.”

“What was your idea, then?”

“It seemed to me to be obvious that this Greek girl had been carried off by the young Englishman named Harold Latimer.”

“Carried off from where?”

“Athens, perhaps.”

Sherlock Holmes shook his head. “This young man could not talk a word of Greek. The lady could talk English fairly well. Inference, that she had been in England, but he had not been in Greece.”

“Well, then, we will presume that she had come on a visit to England, and that this Harold had persuaded her to fly with him.”

“That is more probable.”

“Then the brother—for that, I fancy, must be the relationship—comes over from Greece to interfere. He imprudently puts himself into the power of the young man and his older associate. They seize him and use violence towards him in order to make him sign some papers to make over the girl's fortune, of which he may be trustee, to them. This he refuses to do. In order to negotiate with him they have to get an interpreter, and they pitch upon this Mr. Melas, having used some other one before. The girl is not told of the arrival of her brother, and finds it out by the merest accident.”

“Excellent, Watson,” cried Holmes. “I really fancy that you are not far from the truth. You see that we hold all the cards, and we have only to fear some sudden act of violence on their part. If they give us time, we must have them.”

“But how can we find where this house lies?”

“Well, if our conjecture is correct, and the girl's name is or was Sophy Kratides, we should have no difficulty in tracing her. That must be our main hope, for the brother is, of course, a complete stranger. It is clear that some time has elapsed since this Harold established these relations with the girl—some weeks, at any rate—since the brother in Greece has had time to hear of it and come across If they have been living in the same place during this time it is probable that we shall have some answer to Mycroft's advertisement.”

We had reached our house in Baker Street whilst we had been talking. Holmes ascended the stair first, and as he opened the door of our room he gave a start of surprise. Looking over his shoulder, I was equally astonished. His brother Mycroft was sitting smoking in the arm-chair.

“Come in, Sherlock. Come in, sir,” said he, blandly, smiling at our surprised faces. “You don't expect such energy from me, do you, Sherlock? But somehow this case attracts me.”

“How did you get here?”

“I passed you in a hansom.”

“There has been some new development?”

“I had an answer to my advertisement.”

“Ah!”

“Yes; it came within a few minutes of your leaving.”

“And to what effect?”

Mycroft Holmes took out a sheet of paper. “Here it is,” said he, “written with a J pen on royal cream paper by a middle-aged man with a weak constitution. ‘Sir,’ he says, ‘in answer to your advertisement of to-day's date, I beg to inform you that I know the young lady in question very well. If you should care to call upon me, I could give you some particulars as to her painful history. She is living at present at The Myrtles, Beckenham. Yours faithfully, J. Davenport.’

“He writes from Lower Brixton,” said Mycroft Holmes. “Do you not think that we might drive to him now, Sherlock, and learn these particulars?”

“My dear Mycroft, the brother's life is more valuable than the sister's story. I think we should call at Scotland Yard for Inspector Gregson and go straight out to Beckenham. We know that a man is being done to death, and every hour may be vital.”

“Better pick up Mr. Melas on our way,” I suggested. “We may need an interpreter.”

“Excellent!” said Sherlock Holmes. “Send the boy for a four-wheeler and we shall be off at once.” He opened the table drawer as he spoke, and I noticed that he slipped his revolver into his pocket. “Yes,” said he, in answer to my glance, “I should say from what we have heard that we are dealing with a particularly dangerous gang.”

It was almost dark before we found ourselves in Pall Mall, at the rooms of Mr. Melas. A gentleman had just called for him, and he was gone.

“Can you tell me where?” asked Mycroft Holmes.

“I don't know, sir,” answered the woman who had opened the door. “I only know that he drove away with the gentleman in a carriage.”

“Did the gentleman give a name?”

“No, sir.”

“He wasn't a tall handsome dark young man?”

“Oh no, sir. He was a little gentleman, with glasses, thin in the face, but very pleasant in his ways, for he was laughing all the time that he was talking.”

“Come along!” cried Sherlock Holmes, abruptly. “This grows serious,” he observed, as we drove to Scotland Yard. “These men have got hold of Melas again. He is a man of no physical courage, as they are well aware from their experience the other night. This villain was able to terrorize him the instant that he got into his presence. No doubt they want his professional services, but, having used him, they may be inclined to punish him for what they will regard as his treachery.”

Our hope was that by taking train we might get to Beckenham as soon as or sooner than the carriage. On reaching Scotland Yard, however, it was more than an hour before we could get Inspector Gregson and comply with the legal formalities which would enable us to enter the house. It was quarter to ten before we reached London Bridge, and half past before the four of us alighted on the Beckenham platform. A drive of half a mile brought us to the Myrtles—a large dark house standing back from the road in its own grounds. Here we dismissed our cab, and made our way up the drive together.

“The windows are all dark,” remarked the Inspector. “The house seems deserted.”

“Our birds are flown and the nest empty,” said Holmes.

“Why do you say so?”

“A carriage heavily loaded with luggage has passed out during the last hour.”

The Inspector laughed. “I saw the wheel tracks in the light of the gate lamp, but where does the luggage come in?”

“You may have observed the same wheel tracks going the other way. But the outward-bound ones were very much deeper—so much so that we can say for a certainty that there was a very considerable weight on the carriage.”

“You get a trifle beyond me there,” said the Inspector, shrugging his shoulders. “It will not be an easy door to force, but we will try if we cannot make some one hear us.”

He hammered loudly at the knocker and pulled at the bell, but without any success. Holmes had slipped away, but he came back in a few minutes.

“I have a window open,” said he.

“It is a mercy that you are on the side of the force and not against it, Mr. Holmes,” remarked the Inspector, as he noted the clever way in which my friend had forced back the catch. “Well, I think that under the circumstances we may enter without an invitation.”

One after the other we made our way into a large apartment, which was evidently that in which Mr. Melas had found himself. The Inspector had lit his lantern, and by its light we could see the two doors, the curtain, the lamp, and the suit of Japanese mail, as he had described them. On the table lay two glasses, an empty brandy-bottle, and the remains of a meal.

“What is that?” asked Holmes, suddenly.

We all stood still and listened. A low moaning sound was coming from somewhere over our heads. Holmes rushed to the door and out into the hall. The dismal noise came from upstairs. He dashed up, the Inspector and I at his heels, while his brother Mycroft followed as quickly as his great bulk would permit.

Three doors faced us upon the second floor, and it was from the central of these that the sinister sounds were issuing, sinking sometimes into a dull mumble, and rising again into a shrill whine. It was locked, but the key had been left on the outside. Holmes flung open the door and rushed in, but he was out again in an instant, with his hand to his throat.

“It's charcoal,” he cried. “Give it time. It will clear.”

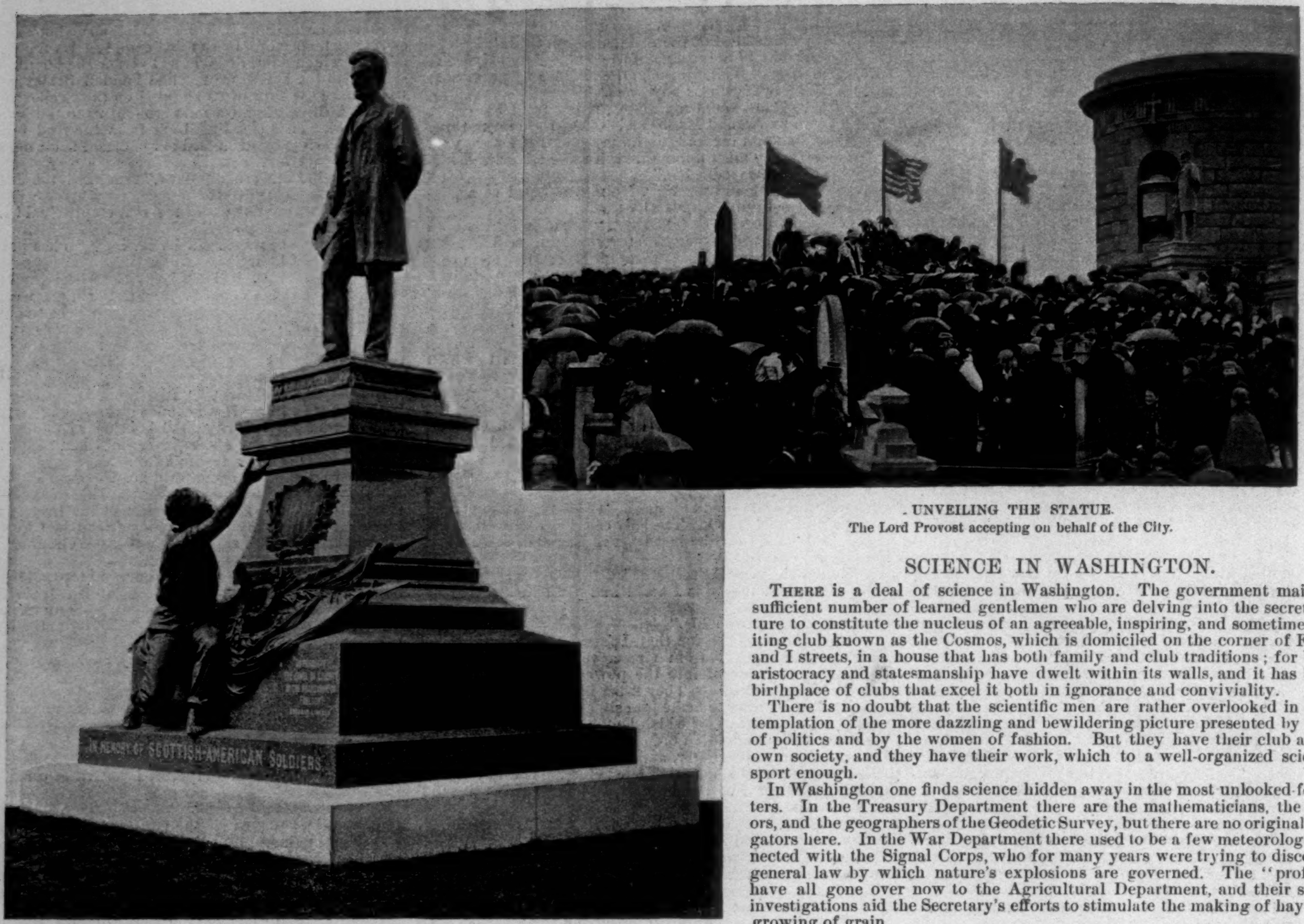
Peering in, we could see that the only light in the room came from a dull blue flame which flickered from a small brass tripod in the centre. It threw a livid unnatural circle upon the floor, while in the shadows beyond we saw the vague loom of two figures which crouched against the wall. From the open door there reeked a horrible poisonous exhalation which set us gasping and coughing. Holmes rushed to the top of the stairs to draw in the fresh air, and then dashing into the room, he threw up the window and hurled the brazen tripod out into the garden.

“We can enter in a minute,” he gasped, darting out again. “Where is a candle? I doubt if we could strike a match in that atmosphere. Hold the light at the door and we shall get them out, Mycroft. Now!”

With a rush we got to the poisoned men and dragged them out into the well-lit hall. Both of them were blue-lipped and insensible, with swollen congested faces and protruding eyes. Indeed, so distorted were their features that save for his black beard and stout figure we might have failed to recognize in one of them the Greek interpreter who had parted from us only a few hours before at the Diogenes Club. His hands and feet were securely strapped together, and he bore over one eye the marks of a violent blow. The other, who was secured in a similar fashion, was a tall man in the last stage of emaciation, with several strips of sticking-plaster arranged in a grotesque pattern over his face. He had ceased to moan as we laid him down, and a glance showed me that for him at least our aid had come too late. Mr. Melas, however, still lived, and in less than an hour, with the aid of ammonia and brandy, I had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes, and of knowing that my hand had drawn him back from that dark valley in which all paths meet.

It was a simple story which he had to tell, and one which did but confirm our own deductions. His visitor, on entering his rooms, had drawn a life-preserver from his sleeve, and had so impressed him with the fear of instant and inevitable death that he had kidnapped him for the second time. Indeed it was almost mesmeric the effect which this giggling ruffian had produced upon the unfortunate linguist, for he could not speak of him save with trembling hands and a blanched cheek. He had been taken swiftly to Beckenham, and had acted as interpreter in a second interview, even more dramatic than the first, in which the two Englishmen had menaced their prisoner with instant death if he did not comply with their demands. Finally, finding him proof against every threat, they had hurled him back into his prison, and after reproaching Melas with his treachery, which appeared from the newspaper advertisement, they had stunned him with a blow from a stick, and he remembered nothing more until he found us bending over him.

And this was the singular case of the Grecian interpreter, the explanation of which is still involved in some mystery. We were able to find out, by communicating with the gentleman who had answered the advertisement, that the unfortunate young lady came of a wealthy Grecian family, and that she had been on a visit to some friends in England. While there she had met a young man named Harold Latimer, who had acquired an ascendency over her, and had eventually persuaded her to fly with him. Her friends, shocked at the event, had contented themselves with informing her brother at Athens, and had then washed their hands of the matter. The brother, on his arrival in England, had imprudently placed himself in the power of Latimer and of his associate, whose name was Wilson Kemp—a man of the foulest antecedents. These two, finding that through his ignorance of the language he was helpless in their hands, had kept him a prisoner, and had endeavored by cruelty and starvation to make him sign away his own and his sister's property. They had kept him in the house without the girl's knowledge, and the plaster over the face had been for the purpose of making recognition difficult in case she



UNVEILING THE STATUE.
The Lord Provost accepting on behalf of the City.

LINCOLN EMANCIPATING THE SLAVE.

THE LINCOLN MONUMENT IN EDINBURGH.—[See Page 886.]

should ever catch a glimpse of him. Her feminine perceptions, however, had instantly seen through the disguise when, on the occasion of the interpreter's visit, she had seen him for the first time. The poor girl, however, was herself a prisoner, for there was no one about the house except the man who acted as coachman and his wife, both of whom were tools of the conspirators. Finding that their secret was out, and that their prisoner was not to be coerced, the two villains, with the girl, had fled away at a few hours' notice from the furnished house which they had hired, having first, as they thought, taken vengeance both upon the man who had defied and the one who had betrayed them.

Months afterwards a curious newspaper cutting reached us from Buda-Pesth. It told how two Englishmen who had been travelling with a woman had met with a tragic end. They had each been stabbed, it seems, and the Hungarian police were of opinion that they had quarrelled, and had inflicted mortal injuries upon each other. Holmes, however, is, I fancy, of a different way of thinking, and he holds to this, that if one could find the Grecian girl one might learn how the wrongs of herself and her brother came to be avenged.

SCIENCE IN WASHINGTON.

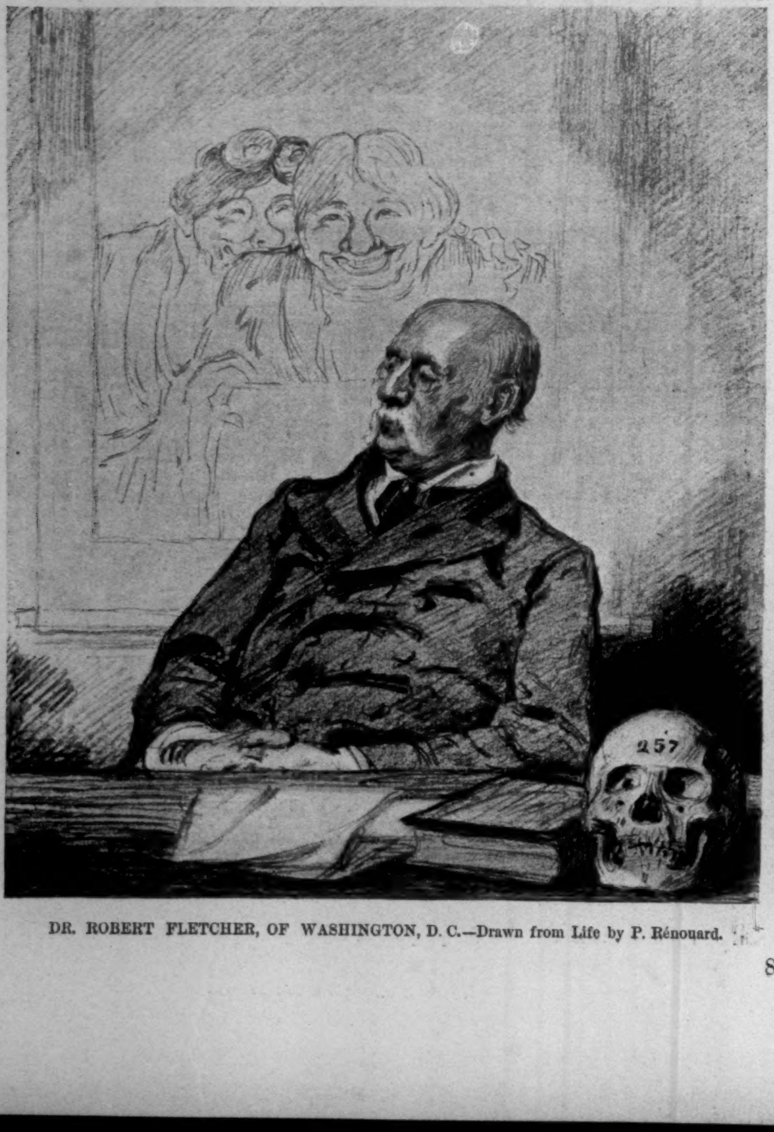
THERE is a deal of science in Washington. The government maintains a sufficient number of learned gentlemen who are delving into the secrets of nature to constitute the nucleus of an agreeable, inspiring, and sometimes inspiriting club known as the Cosmos, which is domiciled on the corner of Fifteenth and I streets, in a house that has both family and club traditions; for Virginia aristocracy and statesmanship have dwelt within its walls, and it has been the birthplace of clubs that excel it both in ignorance and conviviality.

There is no doubt that the scientific men are rather overlooked in the contemplation of the more dazzling and bewildering picture presented by the men of politics and by the women of fashion. But they have their club and their own society, and they have their work, which to a well-organized scientist is sport enough.

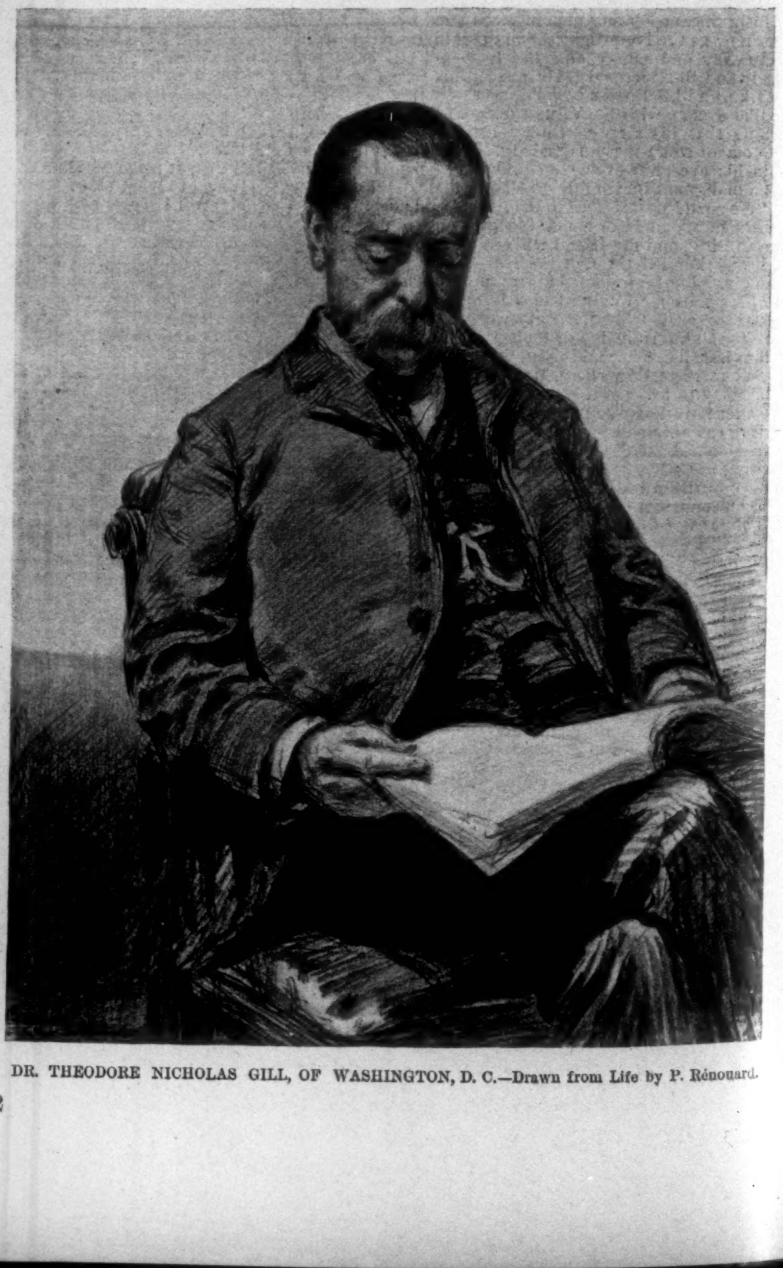
In Washington one finds science hidden away in the most unlooked-for quarters. In the Treasury Department there are the mathematicians, the surveyors, and the geographers of the Geodetic Survey, but there are no original investigators here. In the War Department there used to be a few meteorologists connected with the Signal Corps, who for many years were trying to discover the general law by which nature's explosions are governed. The "professors" have all gone over now to the Agricultural Department, and their scientific investigations aid the Secretary's efforts to stimulate the making of hay and the growing of grain.

In the army and the navy there are proficients in metallurgy who are known as the "ordnance sharps" of the two services. In connection with the navy a large and important astronomical observatory has been built. This is the outgrowth of a naval need for a place to correct chronometers, but it has developed so rapidly that a corps of civilian astronomers has been employed, and now the civilians are objecting to any longer control of a rear-admiral who may not even remember the astronomy that he learned when he was serving guns at Lake Erie, or on probation at the Naval Academy.

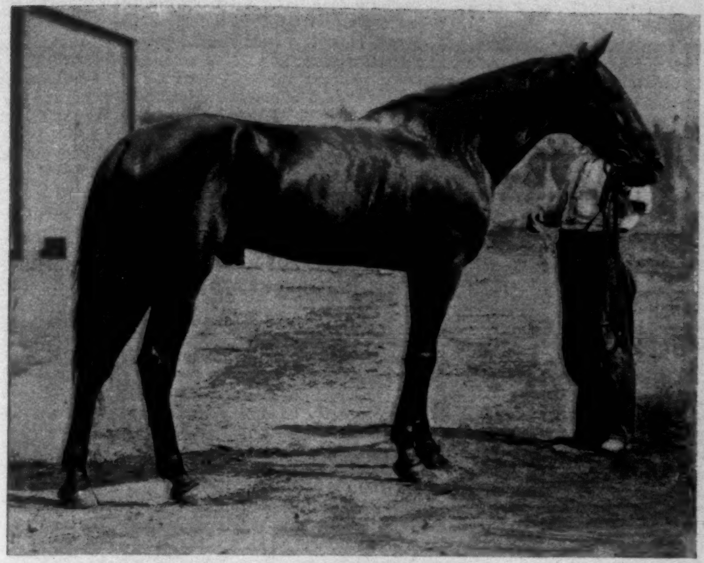
M. Rénouard has drawn portraits of two of the leading scientists at the national capital. They are good specimens of professional men whose inherent sweetness of disposition and native aptitude for good-fellowship have not been soured by their struggles with biology or ichthyology, or by their insight into the distortions and perturbations wrought by nature.



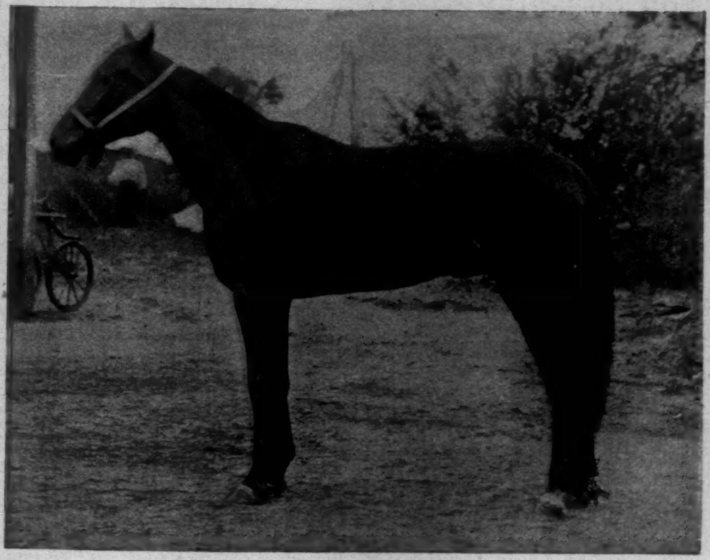
DR. ROBERT FLETCHER, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.—Drawn from Life by P. Rénouard.



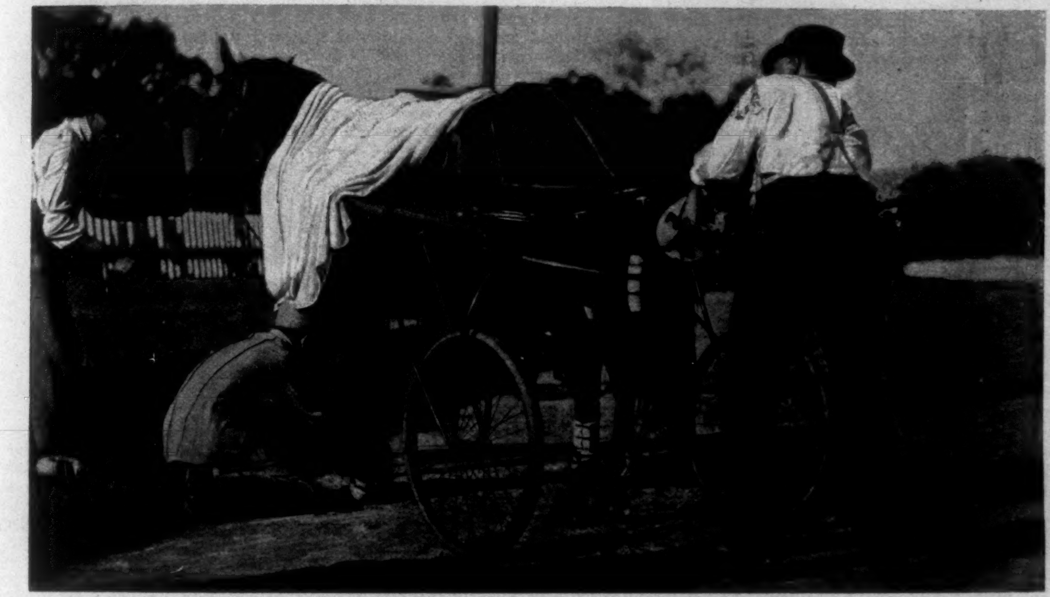
DR. THEODORE NICHOLAS GILL, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.—Drawn from Life by P. Rénouard.



DIRECTUM—2.07.



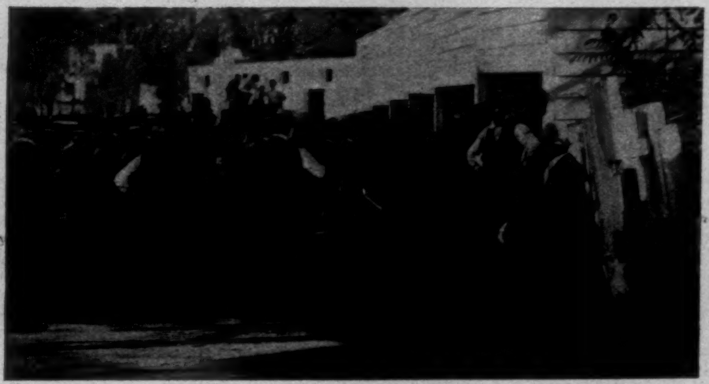
NANCY HANKS—2.04.



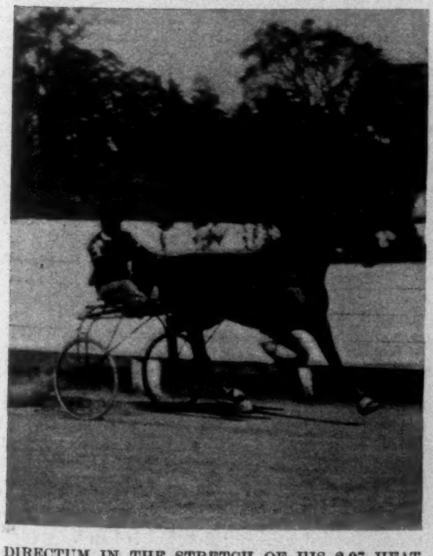
THE LAST LOOK-OVER.

BUDD DOBLE AND VETERAN DUM WALTON
"TALKING IT OVER."

THE BRIGADE OF RUBBERS AND HANDLERS.



CROWDING AROUND THE STALL OF THE "QUEEN" TO SEE HER COOL OFF.



DIRECTUM IN THE STRETCH OF HIS 2.07 HEAT.

Members Will Not Drive The Reverse Way Of The Track At

AT THE START—RECEIVING WARNING FROM THE JUDGE.

FIVE RECORD HORSES AND SCENES AT FLEETWOOD PARK RACE-COURSE.—[See Page 896.]

FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

MRS. SOUTHALL sat upon her back porch shelling black-eyed pease into a bright new tin pan upon her lap. Whenever the bottom of it became well covered she emptied the shelled pease into a big wooden tray that sat upon the floor back of her left hand. At the right was a big splint basket full of the long yellow-red pods, with just beyond it another in which she cast handfuls of the snaky hulls. A mat of honeysuckle curtained the porch so thickly that only a stray sunbeam got through it here or there to make a round yellow blur upon the clean cedar floor. Though it was August, and all the yard dry as powder, a foot-mat of plaited cornshucks lay at the porch steps, so well worn as to show that use of it was imperative. The sun fell full upon it; the porch faced south. At one side a big tawny setter lay lax and panting, now and again rolling upon his back, but evidently without energy to snap at the flies which tormented eyes and nose.

The house wall was of hewn logs, with cracks neatly pointed, and whitewashed. The door and windows had casings of smooth unpainted poplar, clean as soap, sand, and scouring could make them. There were two square front rooms, with a passage between. The porch started at the back door of it, and ran down the side of the kitchen, which was lower than the rest of the house, and set on to it L fashion.

Mrs. Southall could look full into the kitchen windows without stirring from her seat. Just now she had little intention of stirring, despite a strong inclination. She was a dumpy, roundish woman, with no lightness of motion, to whom her fifty years had brought a greater weight of flesh than her frame could graciously bear. Besides, one foot, swathed in flannels, lay at ease upon the cricket in front of her. A severe sprain had left her for three weeks past prisoned within her own yard, when she especially wished to be up and doing.

She had strong homely features under thick shiny skin. A thatch of stiff hair barely threaded with gray was strained back from her narrow bulging forehead. Her eyes were gray, so deep-set and intense as to redeem her face from commonplaceness, while they accented its lack of charm. She wore a clean, stiff-starched, purple calico gown. girt about the waist with a leather belt, over which a scant check apron was held in place by very narrow strings.

Presently she called through the window to a slim girl at work inside. "Ma'y Frances, are you ready ter make them pies?"

"'Most, Aunt 'Cin; the dough jus' needs a little more workin'," a young voice replied.

At once Mrs. Southall sat more upright, saying: "Ma'y Frances, how often must I tell you my name is Lucindy? Heaven knows I wish it wa'n't! I do think my mother might uv give me a Scripcher name. But Lucindy Bascom I wus christened inter the Methodis' Church, an' ter change hit is sacrilege; so let me hear no more of yo' Aunt 'Cins. We've all got enough original sin about us, without hevin' any more tacked on to save yo' breath."

"Yes'm, I'll try. I forgot," Mary Frances said, meekly. "But about the pies; you want apple and grape and plum, don't you? and a peach-cobbler too?"

"Yes, I reckon you had better make a peach-cobbler; thar ain't nothin' yo' uncle Dan'l likes better hot fer dinner. An', Ma'y Frances, in makin' the others, don't forgit ter make one o' each sort extry deep an' extry sweet—yo' uncle Dan'l does hate er po' pie—an' mark the crust different, so I can tell where ter cut him a piece."

"I'll pinch the others round the edges and mark his with the fork," Mary Frances said, obediently, though a laugh lurked in her eyes. She was too young, too unformed, to see anything but the humor of Aunt Lucindy's affection for the sulky fellow, at least fifteen years younger than herself, whom she had married in the second giddiness that is said to wait on single ladies at forty-five.

Mrs. Southall dropped her eyes a minute, then raised them to say: "No, come to think uv it, you'd better make 'em all alike—all good; it won't break us, I reckon, ef sugar is so high. You' uncle Dan'l 'd be mortified ter death ef anybody wus ter come ter-morrer an' he found out thar wus difference in whut wus set befo' him an' them. He's mighty high-toned, yo' uncle Dan'l is. I'll never fergit how he set an' cried—yes, actially cried, him er man—the first Chris'mus after we got married, when every nigger on the place wus off festivalin', an' I had ter feed the stock an' milk an' keep up fires—said it hurt 'im so ter see his wife doin' sech. He, poor dear, tried his best ter help; but Sook cow kicked him over when he wus pullin' the calf erway; an' the devil—yes, the very devil—got in them mules an' horses; they'd bat their ears an' kick the minute he stuck his head inside the stable do'. You, uv all folks, Ma'y Frances, oughter know how high his feelin's is; fer when yo' par died an' lef' nothin' the wide world but you an' er passel er debts, you remember how he said: 'Lucindy, I see the Lord's hand in this; He don't mean that you shall be by yo'se'f no mo' when business keeps me late in town, ner that thar sha'n't be some er yo' name ter sing tribble in Asbury meetin'-house when hit pleases Him ter take erway yo' voice.'"

"Yes, I remember," the girl said, very low, with a sort of catch in the words. She was a pretty, fair creature, wholesome as the spring, with blue eyes now dim and wet, hair yellow and olive looking as the silk of young corn, and cheeks as delicately pink as a fresh-opened wild-rose. She did remember only too well the day of desolate misery; back of it the merry, kindly, easy-going life with the father who was so unlike his sister. If they had had but a dinner of herbs, love and mirth gave sauce and savor to it. By contrast, she fairly hated the stolid prosperity, the grinding plenty about her. She would run away from it out of hand, only there was Alan—and hope.

As if in answer to the feeling that was not yet conscious thought, a knock fell on the front door which stood wide. At once the red setter gave a sharp sonorous bark that changed to a howl of welcome as a tall young fellow came through the passage with a covered earthen dish in his outstretched hand.

"Howdy, howdy—bless my life! Ma'y Frances, come out yere; here's Alan Keith come ter see us! Set a chair fer 'im, an' give 'im er fan—that new turkey-tail one thar by the mantel-shelf, an' er drink er water too. I know he's hot an' thirsty. Who's this fer, Alan—me? Oh, thanky! It's the beautifulest white honeycomb that ever I did see," Mrs. Southall said, volubly, affecting not to notice how the young folk had reddened at the touch of hands, nor the tremor in Alan's throat as he greeted Ma'y Frances. Finding the pair speechless, she went on:

"Take off yo' apron, Ma'y Frances, an' set an' rest erwhile. Yincey can tend ter the rest o' the cookin'." Then to Alan: "I jes had this girl a-makin' pies. I don't want ye ter think I'm ever goin' ter put drudgery on my own flesh an' blood. Ma'y Frances ain't all the niece I've got, but I'm bound ter say she's the best. Thar ain't no sort er work that she cain't do, an' ain't more'n willin' ter turn 'er hand to."

"Do hush, Aunt C—Lucindy, I mean," Mary Frances said, imploringly. It revolted her unutterably, this parade of her excellencies to one whose judgment of her meant all the world.

He looked over at her with a little embarrassed smile; then, seeming to take courage from her distress, said, with half a twinkle of the eye:

"I'm mighty glad to hear it, Mrs. Southall. I'm such a lazy fellow myself I want to know all the industrious girls who could take care of me, if I could persuade them to have me."

"Oh, so you are going to turn Morman!" Mary Frances said, laughing. "Well, if you get about six real smart wives, maybe you'll live in clover."

"No; I'll try it with just one," Alan retorted.

Mrs. Southall laughed indulgently. Mary Frances had fetched a spoon, a china saucer, and a crisp flaky biscuit. Her aunt was eating bread and honey with the satisfaction of a child. Between morsels her eyes went from one to the other of the young pair in a way which made it plain that the course of their true love would run smooth as she could contrive it. Fidgeting with her bit of honeycomb, she said:

"Well, I ain't afraid er missin' my dinner when I come ter see you, Alan, not even ef yo' wife ain't a great worker. With the start you've got—house an' land an' stock—I don't believe you could fergit how ter work ef you tried ever so hard."

"You jus' wait an' see. I'm gittin' so triflin' I'm a fair field fer missionary enterprise," Alan said, with another laugh. "An' that reminds me," he went on, heedless of the shadow on Mrs. Southall's face, "that I came partly to ask if I mightn't come back to-morrow an' help get you over to church; it's going to be a great day—this first Sunday—an' you know we can't possibly do without you in the choir."

"Why, I didn't know I wus sech a stake in the fence," Mrs. Southall said, her face beaming. "I 'ain't never done nothin'—only my duty. You know my grandpaw wus one er the first stewards when the meeting-house wus built, an' the bishop hisself told me, when I went up ter Conference last year, that he'd never seen ernother class-leader with the power in pr'ar of Brother Bascom—that's my father. An' ef my poor brother did fall away from the Methodis' way, he staid an Episcople ter the last. Ma'y Frances thar wus baptized an infant, the same as me. Though I know our righteousness is filthy rags, that works won't save none uv us no more'n they did the thief on the cross, I do feel sorter proud ter think how I an' my folks has tried ter do the will er God, not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but because it wus all done in His sight."

"You came next to the presidin' elder; 'way ahead of the circuit rider; we all know that," Alan said, gayly. "That's why you must be there when we try the new organ."

"The what?"

Mrs. Southall sat so upright that the pan fell out of her lap, sending a fusillade of shelled pease all over the floor. Her fingers clutched the spoon so hard the handle bent visibly, the saucer tilted, to drop honey on her purple calico front. Her face grew almost as deeply purple as she reiterated, "The what? say that over, Alan, unless you're jes jokin'."

"There's no joke that I know of; the church has got an organ; that's all there is to it," Alan said, respectfully.

"How did it come by it; tell me that, please? Thar wasn't no money raised, no talk uv it that I ever heard when I got laid up three weeks back. Do you mean ter tell me that Asbury stewards an' preachers an' all have done this thing underhand without tellin' me, that is the mother er the church?"

"No, ma'am; no, indeed! You see it's this way: Somebody gave the organ. All they did was to take it and be thankful—it was all they could do," Allen said, eagerly, intent to explain away the hurt to Sister Southall's churchly dignity.

"Who was that 'somebody?'" she demanded, fiercely.

"What makes you want to know?" asked Alan.

"Because I'd like ter wring his neck an' make organ bellows out er him," Mrs. Southall said, her square jaws setting hard. "Young man," she went on, "I hope you've spoke truth; that you, my church brethren an' sistren, have not been colloguin' to trick me. Twenty years ago they tried the same thing. I fit them, tooth an' toenail, ag'inst the desecretion er the sanctuary. You don't remember it. You warn't much more'n four then; but I beat the organ crowd that I've stood flat-footed ag'inst ever sence, an' shall stand till I die."

"Why, Aunt Lucindy, what difference can it make?" Mary Frances broke in. "I'm sure the music will be better, an' certainly you believe God ought to have the very best of everything for His house and worship."

"Don't talk yo' 'Piscople ways ter me," Mrs. Southall said, angrily. "Child, it ain't the sound, but the sperit that is pleasin' ter our Lord. You must sing with the soul when you come up ter the holy place, an' what soul, I'd like ter know, is thar in er box er wind an' pipes an' brass? To my mind it's a heathen sound, worse 'n the abomination of desolation. I've sung tribble in Asbury meetin'-house thirty-five years, but jes as shore as they keep that thing thar—try ter praise God by machinery 'stid er the humble an' contrite heart, I'll never set foot thar agin alive, an' ef they carry me in my coffin I'll do my best ter rise an' confound 'em," Mrs. Southall said, getting unsteadily to her feet and leaning heavily upon the back of her chair. Mary Frances ran to her side, but was waved off. For a minute the elderly woman stood a statue of tremulous fury, then she bent her gaze full upon Alan Keith, saying, slowly:

"Alan—I don't know as you know anything more'n you've told—but this I say—if you do know whar that—organ" [gulp over the word] "came from, I want you ter tell them that sent it never ter come about me no more. I've no fellowship fer 'em—no Christian feelin'. Dan'l shall take our letters at once—we'll go ter some little church whar the members don't wanter mix fashion with thar religion. It comes hard ter leave the place whar my fathers an' mothers have set under the gospel droppin's—but I'll do it ruther'n ter hear that squeakin' an' boomin'—ter see the place I love made er theayter, with the little preacher fer play-actor. I mistrusted him when I found that poetry book in his saddle-bags; now he's showed the cloven huff, an' all I can do is ter say, him an' his organ crowd keep fur away frum me."

Young Keith stood up very straight. "Mrs. Southall," he said, respectfully, "I never meant ter tell anybody—it seemed too like boastin'—I bought the organ all by myself. I love the sound of it; it helps ter take my soul from earth. Last fall I sowed extra wheat a-purpose to make the money, and from the way it yielded I can't think God saw anything wrong in the purpose. I bought it—it's only a little one—wishin' I could buy better, the very best. Now you say I sha'n't come here no more. Then I must say somethin' else before I go—"

"Needn't take the trouble. I know it; you want Ma'y Frances; you'll never git her with my consent. You'd better go on home an' quit thinkin' about her," Mrs. Southall said, frigidly, though curious small tremors ran through her voice.

Keith turned to Mary Frances and held out his arms. With a little shamed cry she slipped within their clasp, then sprang away, hiding her face in her hands. Keith drew them down tenderly, saying:

"Little girl, you'll marry me, whatever happens?"

"Then she'd better do it right off; she cain't stay here no longer ef that's her purpose," Mrs. Southall said, her lips narrowing to a line.

"The sooner the better for me," Keith said. "Get your bonnet, sweetheart. My mother is ready and waitin' to welcome her daughter."

Mary Frances went close to her aunt put out a timid hand, and said, softly: "Aunt Lucindy, please—please—don't be so mad. Alan didn't know. He wouldn't—he couldn't have done it—if—if he had dreamed how you felt about it. I—I can't bear to—leave you—this way—after you have been so kind."

"You can stay; but ef you do, you'll never speak ter him ag'in," Mrs. Southall said, nodding her head. Then, as Mary Frances began to sob, she broke out wildly:

"Lord God! Father almighty! What has Thy po' servant done that this thing should come upon her? Haven't I been faithful in season an' out, goin' Sundays, rain er shine, ter Thy po' temple ter sing Thy praises an' raise the tunes? An' it seemed You had give this child ter me that wus childless. Have I made an idol of her? Are You jealous, that I must lay her on the altar?"

"Come away; we make her worse by staying," Alan said, again taking Mary Frances's hand. The girl made as if to renew her appeal, but shrank from the set face and tense gaze that fronted her. Bending, she laid her lips lightly to one flaccid hand, then went after her lover, who whispered, exultingly: "We'll have music for our wedding, dear—an' ever after, I hope."

Mrs. Southall kept her word. Nobody, indeed, who knew her could have a doubt that she would. Though Asbury meeting-house crowned the hill opposite her home, was in plain sight of her front gate—she ignored it utterly. Upon the two Sundays when there was service there she shut herself in-doors to read the Bible and sing her father's favorite hymns. Upon the other two, with her meek husband beside her, she trailed painfully off to Big Rock Chapel, a good ten miles away, where another itinerant brother dispensed what she esteemed the sincere milk of the word. The road ran past the Keith farm, where Alan and Mary Frances lived and were happy as the day was long. If by chance Mrs. Southall encountered them, she gave them a severely courteous greeting and passed on. She had hardened at all points; even to Daniel she was now sometimes a pitiless judge, although he weakened visibly as the months went by.

He was a gentle easy-natured fellow, the exact moral complement of his wife's stern fibre. He had for her an odd clinging dependent affection, which she returned with the worship that is both dower and curse of a narrow intense soul. So when, three years after Mary Frances married, he fell into a low state, over which the doctor looked grave and shook his head, it is not surprising that his wife felt the solid earth slipping from under her feet. With all her strength she fought the thought of loss. Day and night she watched, tended, soothed him, humored sick fancies, and sought to coax him into the expression of his lightest whim, feeling the while a hand of lead gripping the heart in her bosom, till not even a suppliant song could come from her throat.

One Sunday morning early he grew very restless. "You must go to yo' meetin' ter-day," he said. "You've missed three Sundays runnin' on 'count o' me. I tell you I ain't wuth it. You ought ter go—you must go. I sha'n't have er minit's peace unless you do."

"But what's ter become of you while I'm gone? Dan'l, dear, don't ask it. It's sinful ter let anything come between us an' our God, an' I couldn't worship rightly fer thinkin' of you," the wife said, so gently that few who knew her would have recognized the tone. The sick man patted her hand and smiled.

"Oh! I'll do first rate," he said. "Jus' you try it, an' see ef you don't find me better when you come home. I'm partly worrited over yo' stayin' in so close. Git ready an' go now, right off."

Demur was vain, refusal out of the question against his weak persistence. With her heart in her throat the wife left him, actually went half-way before her breaking courage drew her back to him.

The house door stood wide. Within there was only emptiness. After one wild look at the vacant bed and chair, Mrs. Southall turned and ran toward the church. What instinct guided her she never knew. At the door she stopped short, partly that the hated organ was filling the low building with throbbing waves of sound, partly that well in front of the pulpit she saw her husband propped snug between Alan and Mary Frances, with a golden-haired toddler upon his knee, who played decorously with the old man's big open-faced watch.

As the voluntary ceased, the singers, the minister even, were constrained to silence. For Mrs. Southall glided up the aisle to her husband's side, knelt a half-minute in silent prayer, then dropped into her old seat at his elbow. Her face was white, and working tears were washing out the hard brilliance of her eyes. Her husband drew a little contented sigh, then laid a hand on hers, saying, weakly, yet so all might hear:

"So you caught me, Lucindy! Well, you see, 'twas this way. I've been meanin' all along ter ask you ter bury me here, an' let the music play. I've come ter hear the practisin' heap o' times on the sly. Me an' Danny here's had good times lis'enin'. I wanted ter hear it of a Sund'y, so the golden harps in Parydise wouldn't sound so strange."

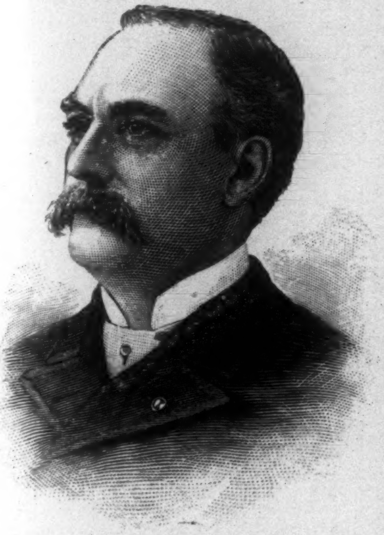
"Dan'l, Dan'l, you needn't go 'way ter hear 'em," Mrs. Southall sobbed, clinging fast to his hand. "Stay. We'll come ev'ry Sunday," she pleaded. "Only don't leave me—don't, Dan'l, don't!"

Daniel smiled faintly. For a minute his eyes closed convulsively. Then he looked straight into hers and said:

"Lucindy, I've been er coward—the worst sort—but jest erbout this one thing. 'Twas me put Alan in mind ter git that machine. Now ye know the truth. Maybe I can live er die in peace. I never lied ter ye about nothin' else. Ma'y Frances knew it all the time; but she give her boy my name."

"It's the best name in the world," Mrs. Southall said, brokenly, gathering the baby to her breast. Holding him fast, she turned to face the congregation, saying: "Brethren an' sisters, let me speak truth too. In this time of trouble I've searched my heart an' found that what I called zeal fer pure worship wus mostly mean low-down jealousy. I'd sung down everybody fer thirty years, but I knew I couldn't sing down the organ. I've asked God ter forgive me. Now I ask you, and pray that you may do it."

Everybody said, "Amen."



J. G. B. ADAMS,
Commander-in-Chief G. A. R.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

CAPTAIN JOHN GREGORY BISHOP ADAMS, who was unanimously elected Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the National Encampment recently held at Indianapolis, was born in Groveland, Massachusetts, and will be fifty-two years old the 6th day of next October. He was educated in the public schools, and before he was twenty years old enlisted in Major Ben. Perley Poore's rifle battalion, which was subsequently merged into the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteers. In March, 1862, he was made orderly sergeant. Through all the seven days' fighting on the peninsula Sergeant Adams was conspicuous for his bravery, and his gallantry won for him a Second Lieutenant's commission. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, Lieutenant Adams displayed the most conspicuous gallantry. Nearly a dozen color-bearers of his regiment had been shot, and at last he seized both standards and brought them off the field himself unscathed. At the battle of Gettysburg the Fourteenth Massachusetts was sent to support General Sickles on the 2d of July. In this battle Lieutenant Adams was in command of Company I. While leading his men he received two desperate wounds in the groin, either of which was supposed to be mortal. Yet in November he was again with his command, before his wounds were fully healed.

After Gettysburg he was made a Captain, and during the Wilderness campaign of 1864 he was at his post and served with high spirit and devoted loyalty.

It was the bad fortune of the Nineteenth Massachusetts to be mostly captured at Cold Harbor early in June, and Captain Adams was among the prisoners. He remained in captivity for nine months.

The Captain has been in the Boston Custom-house, was Postmaster of Lynn for eight years, has been Deputy Superintendent of the Concord Reformatory, and in 1885 was made Sergeant-at-arms for the Commonwealth, which position he now holds. Last year he was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for Lieutenant-Governor. He was the first recruit mustered into Post 5 of Lynn, was three times chosen its Commander, and was one year Department Commander of Massachusetts. He has been for many years President of the Association of Survivors of Rebel Prisons, and is President of the Trustees of the Soldiers' Home.

CRUISE OF THE NAVAL RESERVES.

BY WILLIAM NEPHEW KING, JUN.

THE third annual cruise of the New York Naval Militiamen, unlike its predecessors, was passed in secluded waters off the coast of Long Island. Even the pomp and show that was wont to follow the gallant tars in all their drills ashore was this year conspicuous by its absence. Assistant Secretary of the Navy McAdoo, Colonel George B. McClellan, and the great shade trees that fringe the exclusive shores of Oyster Bay were the only spectators to witness the sailor-men land as a naval brigade and pass in review.

The public press, also, accustomed to describing in detail every evolution of this popular organization, dismissed the subject each day with a few words. These coincidences have naturally occasioned comment, and it has been intimated that the Reserve Corps is losing in popular favor. As for publicity in the newspapers, Commander Miller was aware that he must necessarily sacrifice this if he took his battalion to an inaccessible spot during a season when storms were more than likely to destroy telegraphic communication. The object of the drills this year, however, was not to gain newspaper notoriety, but practically to instruct the men in the art of war, and to teach them manœuvres they would be called upon to execute were Long Island—the key to New York from the sea—attacked by a foreign enemy. And right well did the hardy tars perform their duties, remaining overnight in the midst of sand dunes, sleeping in stables, and battling with a foe that was anything but imaginary—the famed Long Island mosquito.

A novel feature of this year's exercise was the transportation of a boat from the Sound to the ocean. One of the cutters of the *New Hampshire* was sent ashore at Cold Spring Harbor, where it was met by a pair of horses and a surf wagon. The boat was hauled out by the Reserve men, placed upon frames forward and aft, and started upon its twenty-four-mile journey across to Bay Shore. Lieutenant Stayton and forty men followed, armed as a naval brigade, and dragging after them a 3-inch rifle mounted upon a field-carriage. Despite these seemingly insurmountable obstacles the men averaged three miles an hour, making the last five miles in one hour and ten minutes.

Another feature that merits more than passing notice was the chase of Lieutenant Greene by Lieutenant Duncan. The former was supposed to represent an enemy attempting to land to the westward of Centre Island, while the latter, though not acquainted with his adversary's actual position, knew that he was somewhere in the vicinity. Duncan made a landing on the opposite side of the island, and started in pursuit of Greene and his men. The enemy were overtaken and surprised about midnight, their boats captured and returned to the *New Hampshire*. In the absence of any official report it is hard to decide to whom belonged the victory, for while Duncan undoubtedly captured Greene, the latter claims that a flag of truce was displayed, and, with this understanding, his command retired for the night. Commander Miller aptly expressed the situation when he facetiously said, "I cannot allow you to go to your homes without personally thanking the Second and Third divisions for their magnificent battle on Centre Island, in which each captured the other."

During the week there was little pleasure but much hard work accomplished, and the amateur tars returned to their homes with bronzed faces and blistered hands.

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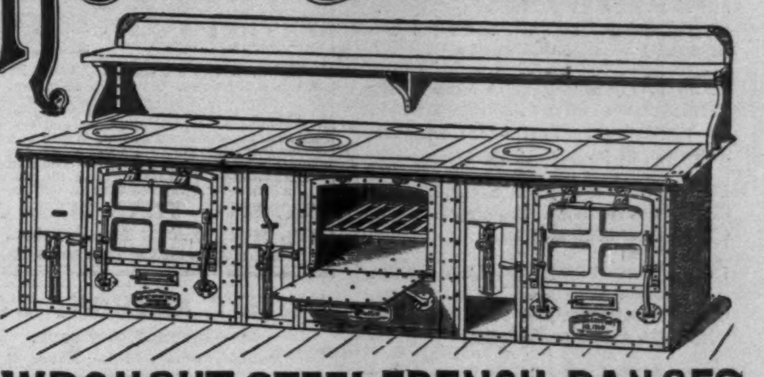

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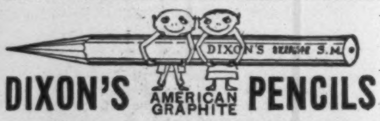

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FIVE RECORD HORSES.

THE two-minute trotter is no longer a mere prospect of the dim future; his day is coming upon us almost as rapidly as the records have been going up the scale in the past few years. The development of marvellous speed, especially in the last three years, has simply taken us off our feet with a whirl, and left us ready to expect and believe the trotting-horse capable of reaching almost any figure. The days when 2.10 was considered by many the limit of the trotter's speed are easily within recollection; but all calculations were, to borrow a bit of appropriate slang, knocked silly when the great Maud S. brought the time for a mile below that figure. The development of the trotter, while always an American industry of great promise, was comparatively slow in time results up to say twenty years ago. Edwin Forrest was the first trotter to establish a record: he did a mile in 1834 in 2.31½. In '43 Lady Suffolk made the figures 2.26½, and here they practically remained with slight change until old Dexter—a dear remembrance of our school-boy days—became a household byword by trotting in 2.17¼ in 1867. The trotting-record table may indeed be divided into about five great epochs, led by as many great trotters. Dexter was superseded by Goldsmith Maid, the famous mare which clipped over three seconds off the record, and in '74 brought it down to 2.14. Rarus in '78 made it still better, trotting in 2.13¼; and a year later, in '79, St. Julien marked up 2.12¾ on the record table. After him came the great and only Maud S., the first to get below the 2.10 mark, and open the eyes of horsemen the world over by her, at that day, remarkable record of 2.08 and a fraction. From that day to this the record has been getting nearer and nearer the two-minute mark by fractions of a second, and Nancy Hanks, Directum, Sunol, and Stamboul have shown the world the possibilities in the highest development of the trotter. And these four great trotters are yet in their prime. What may we not expect from them in the present or next season? and which one of them shall first reach the two-minute gait? At the present time Nancy Hanks occupies the premier position by the fact of her having done a mile last September against time at Terre Haute, Indiana, in 2.04, and by her grand work at Fleetwood Park last week, when she trotted the mile in 2.06¾ on a course that could not by any means be called fast, and again by her 2.04¾ last Thursday.

The track at Terre Haute is said to be the fastest in existence, and 2.04 on that does not seem so wonderful a performance as 2.06¾ on the less modern one at Fleetwood.

Following the "Queen's" great work came Directum's two efforts to lower Nancy Hanks's colors; but though the attempts were unsuccessful in so far as concerned the mare's glory, both resulted in the best work ever seen by a four-year-old stallion, the first recording 2.09¾, and the second 2.07. The latter was the more remarkable because of its being only a few days after the first effort, and because the half-mile was trotted in the unprecedented time of 1.00¼—the world's record. There is no doubt if Directum had been on the Terre Haute track on the day he did 2.07, his grand form would have made a performance equal to the "queen's" more than probable. As it was, he broke all existing stallion records, and was but a quarter-second behind Nancy Hanks's mile on the same track a few days before. Directum is so young that it looks as if his chances to eclipse Nancy Hanks's time were good, especially since their work at Fleetwood shows them to be very near together.

As Nancy Hanks rules to-day queen of the trotting track, so Domino, Mr. James R. Keene's great racer, holds a lordly sway over the runners. He has placed to his credit the Futurity, which is the most enviable racing prize of the year; and he won it too in good company, for Dobbins pressed him so closely that his owner believed him the faster horse, and a match for $25,000 was the result. A more thrilling race than this was never run—a reminder of the Salvator-Tenny days, but Domino and Dobbins made a more exciting contest of it than the other two, and ran it out to a dead-heat after a terrific drive, in which Domino led all the way, until just at the wire honest, steady Dobbins caught him.

PEDIGREE OF ORMONDE.

ORMONDE (bay horse, 1883).	Bend Or.	Doncaster.	Stockwell.	The Baron ..... Irish Birdcatcher.
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				Marpessa.
			Marigold.	Teddington .... Orlando.
				Miss Twickenham.
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				Daughter of Melbourne.
		Rouge Rose.	Thormanby.	Windhound .... Pantaloon.
				Phryne.
				Alice Hawthorn .... Muley Moloch.
				Rebecca.
			Ellen Horne.	Redshank ...... Sandbeck.
				Johanna.
				Delhi .... Plenipotentiary.
				Pawn, Jun.
	Lily Agnes.	Macaroni.	Sweetmeat.	Gladiator ...... Partisan.
				Pauline.
				Lollypop .... Voltaire.
				Belinda.
			Jocose.	Pantaloon ..... Castrel.
				Idalia.
				Banter .... Master Henry.
				Boadicea.
		Polly Agnes.	The Cure.	Physician ...... Brutandorf.
				Primette.
				Morsel .... Mulatto.
				Linda.
			Miss Agnes.	Irish Birdcatcher ...... Sir Hercules.
				Guiccioli.
				Agnes .... Clarion.
				Annette.

It was a game race throughout, and again stamped the youngsters the greatest two-year-olds of the season.

Domino's winnings this year have been large, and include $27,000 at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track, $20,000 at Morris Park, $25,000 at Sheepshead Bay, $16,000 at Washington Park, Chicago, $24,000 at Monmouth Park, and the Futurity Stakes of $50,000. In all approximately $162,000—rather a neat sum for one season's earning.

But, after all is said and done, where shall we look for such another as the unbeaten Ormonde, the grandest horse that lives?

His pedigree tells the story without any rhetorical ornamentation. Ormonde needs no side lecturer to point out his good points. It is only necessary to see him to realize that you have never seen a horse until you have looked upon him.

The famous English racer arrived in this country a few weeks ago, having been purchased by Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough for $150,000, and after a rest went directly to his owner's ranch in California. Ormonde is a bay, with only a small white patch, which the saddle would cover. He began his racing career as a two-year-old. His record is one succession of victories. Probably no horse ever lived that won so many times in proportion to the number of starts, or earned so much money for his owner.

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BRITISH yacht-designing may be said to have made a big stride towards evolving the modern racer in the 85-foot class, of which we are shortly to see its fastest representative.

Many American ideas have been followed, to be sure, but the boats, especially *Valkyrie*, *Britannia*, and *Satanita*, are all fine types of the racing yacht, and one of them at least has beaten an American yacht, while the other will make a closer struggle for the *America's* Cup probably than any previous challenger.

The *Valkyrie* has a deep-drawing, beautifully rounded hull, with a medium beam finely drawn out fore and aft. She is about 126 feet long over all, and she draws over 16 feet of water. Her lead is carried well forward in a thick body and tapered nicely to the heel, weighing about 75 tons. Her spar plan is large but not abnormal, her mast is stepped well forward, her main-boom, which is hollow, is about 90 feet, while her bowsprit is correspondingly short. Her upper spars are not out of the question, and altogether her sail plan looks proportionate and pleasing to the eye. Taking her all over, she is the vessel one would fancy as a racing-machine, having a low rail and little freeboard, with at the same time a life and buoyancy in her movement which suggest she carries her weight well. She is the best boat of the British fleet of racing yachts, and a fit representative to send anywhere or defend anything in the yachting world. She is strong to windward, and the harder it blows the faster she soaks to the weather mark. She is fast on a reach and run, notwithstanding her shorter load water length. The *Britannia* is not so good to windward as the *Valkyrie;* when the wind hardens, however, on a reach and a run, she, like the *Satanita,* pulls in the Dunraven boat a bit.

The *Britannia* is beamier, shallower, slightly longer on the load line, and has a bolder bow and a longer counter than the Dunraven boat. Originally she had a larger sail plan than the *Valkyrie,* but her topmast having been reduced by some feet, both boats now look to be on a par in spar plan and sail area. Otherwise, what is said of *Valkyrie* applies to *Britannia.*

The Scotch syndicate boat *Calluna* is the most handsome boat side on of the three Scotch cutters. She is beamiest of the three, shortest on load water-line, and shallowest, having 25 feet beam, 83 feet l.w.l., and 14 feet draught. Her internal fittings are a study in light and varying colored woods. Her spars are nicely proportioned, but look shortest all over of the Watson boats, having less boom and mast by about six feet. Her sail plan alongside of the others looks wanting somewhat.

The *Satanita* is the leviathan of the quartet, and she is abnormal in every way but depth. She is longer and broader by several feet, having about 90 feet of length and 26 feet of beam. She looks like an enlarged *Britannia* above water, but has not the staying power below. She has shown up very nicely in her races, but is too big for working round a course, though on a long reach or run has proved a very fast vessel.

The *Calluna* has been too heavily weighted. She stands up straight when the other boats are down to the covering board, and even with lead off her keel (three tons) she carries her club-topsail when the others have jib-headers. There is much disappointment in Scotland over her. Changes have not improved her so much as expected, but she has been badly handled, judging by the cabled accounts.

A·MATEVR·SPORT

IN ONE RESPECT AT LEAST the national track and field athletic championships at Chicago next Saturday, September 16th, will be the most notable of any we have ever held. And that will be because of the many different sections represented by the entries. We have grown accustomed in the last five years to the same faces, and with occasional exceptions here and there to the same men competing in the different events. Until the Detroit Athletic Club sent a team, and a good team it was, with many surprises in store for Easterners, to the championships in '89, held that year on Travers Island, an entry outside of the Atlantic coast was as rare as an amateur racing bicycler is to-day. Even since '89 the entries have been limited, the D. A. C. always excepted, to the athletes of the large Eastern clubs, and a few scattering ones from the city in which the championships happened to be held. In the last two years athletics in the West may be said to have grown faster than in the East, partly because they were in a primary condition, and would advance rapidly once started, and partly because in the East athletics have had the set-back which must always follow where greed and an unwholesome element gain entrance. It should be said, too, to the credit of the West, and as the result of investigations on my trip last winter, that the tendency throughout the Occident is upward, and the general tone healthful. It may even be said that the amateur status at that time averaged higher. Since that trip a considerable change has come over the spirit of Eastern athletics, or more properly athletics in and about New York. Club governors have at last turned moralists after running the entire gamut of athletic transgression, and there is no longer the barefaced depravation which ended only after the better element in athletics had forsaken the sport in disgust in large numbers.

DOBBINS.—[SEE PAGE 896.]

BUT THE ATHLETIC SITUATION is not even yet all that could be wished. The typical "athlete" is not always the amateur we hope one day to see him. Yet there has been such a change for the better since the Manhattan Athletic Club went out of business with its pernicious methods of seducing athletes by "inducements," that the athletic atmosphere seems almost pure in comparison. There are yet individual cases where prominent athletes appear to find no necessity of earning bread by the sweat of their brow, though the bread is forth-coming. We want to see the athlete a useful member of society as well as of his club, and one whose sole interest in athletics is not comprised in the prize list or other material gain. It was so formerly, and not so long ago, either; only a few years have passed since no one's motives for athletic interest were questioned. Every one of us went into sport for sport's sake pure and simple. The large clubs are chiefly responsible for the change that followed the first popular boom of track athletics. Unwholesome rivalry begat the spirit of "anything to win," and that soon brought about all manner of swindling. But this is an old story, though it contains a moral that cannot be pointed out too often. Because of it all one club, the largest and certainly the most active in the world, collapsed with a crash, and athletics suffered a severe set-back.

THERE HAVE BEEN FEWER ATHLETIC MEETINGS this year than in any season since the organization of the Amateur Athletic Union, and one or two of the few were far from interesting. The summer meeting of the New York Athletic Club was below the club's standard in management and in the sport afforded. In fact, the games were the most disappointing of any Travers Island fixture. But the most depressing event of the season was the Labor Day picnic games of the Staten Island Athletic Club. The programme on its face read well enough, but the events failed to come off as heralded, and were uninteresting when they did transpire. The sport was poor enough, with a diluted quality of lawn-tennis, unevenly matched lacrosse teams, and a shabby exhibition of Association football; and the class of spectators seemed to have changed along with the athletic entertainment. The club used to attract the best of Staten Island to its athletic carnivals; but with the degeneration of the sport has come a corresponding change of the onlookers. Birds of a feather flock together.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL MEETING of the year was the September 4th games of the New Jersey Athletic Club; and we are not losing sight of the very excellent meeting of the Boston Athletic Association a week before, at which T. P. Conneff, on the Harvard track, Holmes Field, created the world's amateur one-mile record of 4 m. $17\frac{4}{5}$ s. The old record of 4 m. $18\frac{2}{5}$ s. had been made by W. G. George at Birmingham, England, in 1884, and for nine years it stood untouched by the many attempts of our best men to clip off at least a fraction of a second. George had also made an American record of 4m. $21\frac{2}{5}$s. during his visit to this country in '82; but that had as well remained unsurpassed, though Conneff had run very near it several times. In his Boston performance Conneff was not paced; those who saw his effort say that had he been coached properly he could have run a couple of seconds faster. However, it is glory enough for him to have placed to his credit the fastest mile an amateur ever ran. Conneff's performance was not the only good one at the B. A. A. games, but it is too late to comment on them more than incidentally in this glancing over of the athletic season.

The New Jersey A. C. games drew out such a crowd as we were wont to see at the meetings of a year or so ago; the programme was carried out as advertised, and the sport good from first to last.

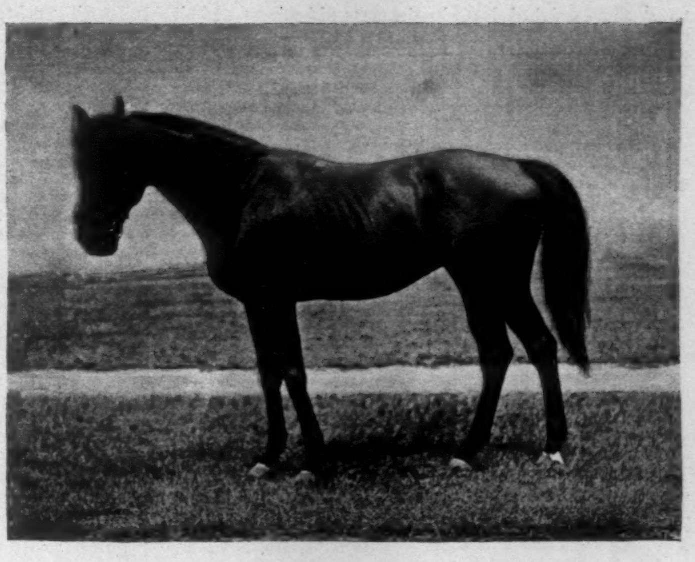
PROBABLY THE STRONGEST drawing card was the appearance of the three fastest distance men in America—T. P. Conneff, George W. Orton, and Willie Day. Much was expected from their meeting, but nothing came of it except the knowledge that Orton is in nothing like his form, and that Day must be written down as a runner whose heart is not so good as his legs. Had he pluck, he must have won the four-mile race from Conneff, who was very tired at two miles and a half, and running on sheer pluck after he had passed the three-mile mark. Day simply quit when Conneff got a lead on him, and he showed no signs whatever of distress. Conneff, under the circumstances, which were that he had been training up to a week previous, for a mile, ran an extraordinary race, and had he not been so dead to the repeated urgings, would have made a new four-mile record. As it was, he finished in 20 minutes $16\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, which is just four-fifths of a second below the record.

Orton simply collapsed in the one-mile, and did not finish. It seems hardly likely he can get fit for the national championships.

Nor was all the sport furnished by the distance men. E. W. Allen made a good attempt at the 300-yards record, and did 32 seconds. With some training for the distance he should make new figures for this distance, as his time was only five-eighths of a second slower than the present record, held by Lon Myers. Another record seems in danger of going shortly if E. W. Goff keeps on doing as well as he has in all public performances recently. His broad jump at the New Jersey Club games was 23 feet $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and that is not far off from Reber's world record. Take it all through, the sport was of a high order and the best of the season.

THE PHILADELPHIA BANK CLERKS ASSOCIATION's games should not be overlooked, as being among the few interesting ones. And they were somewhat notable from the fact that Willie Day won the two miles handily in $9.41\frac{3}{5}$—not far from the record—from Orton, who quit at the mile and a half; and because C. T. Buckholtz made a new record for distance pole-vaulting, leaping 27 feet and three-quarter inches. The record had been advanced from 25 feet to 26 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches only a few days before by Moss, the Californian. Buckholtz did still better work in pole-vaulting for height—11 feet—and seems to have out-paced Rodenbough this year, though not yet having equalled his figures.

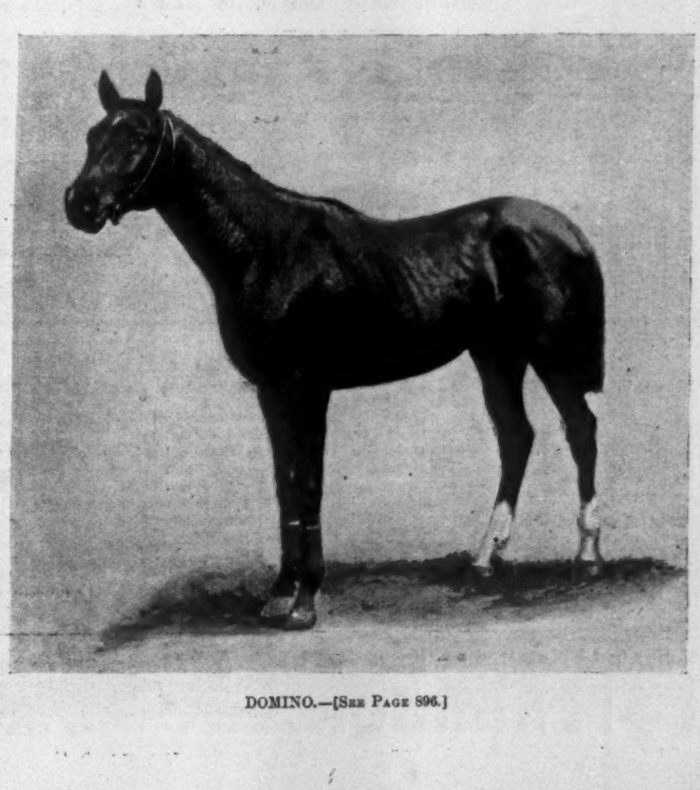
In the West the Central Association games attracted considerable attention by the great running of C. W. Stagg. It is hardly likely the timing was exact, and this is not intended as a reflection on those who held the watches or Western timing generally. Accurate timing is one of the most delicate and at the same time difficult accomplishments, and it may be acquired only after a long apprenticeship. Western men are apt to take umbrage at what they are pleased to term slighting remarks on their ability to correctly hold a stop-watch. But they become offended unreasonably. The timer is not born, he is made, and not given a license until he has passed through many a trial. Here in the East, where we hold ten athletic meetings to one in the West, there are not over half a dozen timers absolutely trustworthy even after all the practice they get; how absurd, therefore, to expect accuracy where there is so little practice as in the several sections of the West! The timing of Mr. Stagg's 100 yards in $9\frac{4}{5}$ was inaccurate, but that does not alter the fact that he ran three great races in the afternoon, running besides the 100 yards, the 220 in $22\frac{3}{5}$ and the 440 in $52\frac{1}{5}$.



ORMONDE.—[SEE PAGE 896.]

TURNING FROM THIS DIGRESSION on the few athletic meetings of the season and their several individual performances that have attracted attention, to the championship meeting of '93, we find much of interest in the new men who are to be seen, and much to regret in the absence of some of the fastest athletes in America. It is too bad our athletes are compelled by this work-a-day life we all lead to drop out of competition when they are yet in their prime. But this is an age of specialists, and no man can hope to succeed, be it in athletics or in his chosen profession, unless he gives it his undivided attention. The day passed long ago when mediocrity was fairly well up the scale. An athlete cannot compete nowadays and hope to do himself justice without consistent preparation, otherwise he is certain to be defeated by even second-class men. This fact drives college men from active athletics when they are actually just beginning to feel their strength, and could, likely enough, better the records made as undergraduates. Rarely does a college athlete remain in athletics more than a year after graduation, and more often not so long. Just so soon as he settles to the serious business of making a name and a place for himself in this busy world, just so soon must he give up competitive athletics.

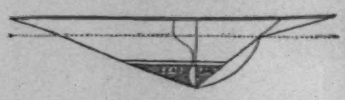
THIS YEAR DRAWS STARS from the athletic firmament whose brilliancy is not likely to be duplicated. John Owen, Jun., and Harry Jewett, both members of the Detroit Athletic Club, and each a world's record-holder, the former at 100 and the latter at 220 yards flat, will not compete at Chicago; nor more will Theodore Luce, also D. A. C., and the present pole-vaulting champion, nor Ducharme, the D. A. C. hurdler. With two world's record men, a champion and a prospective one in two events, the Detroit Athletic Club will have no team representation. The old spirit seems to have gone out of the club, or rather the men who shaped its course two years ago, and fired every one with enthusiasm, have quietly dropped off active work, some from lack of in-



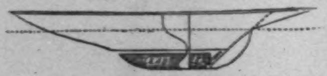
DOMINO.—[SEE PAGE 896.]

terest, some weighed down by the cares of business, and all of the old sort disgusted at the new order of things that has permitted this year a ridiculous committee to give them a baseball amateur nine several of whom are whitewashed professionals. One of the old sort, Fred Joy, alas! died the other day after a short siege of typhoid. He was one of the first and always one of the club's earnest supporters. It is really lamentable to see the Detroit Club represented only by a baseball team that has done much to lower it in the opinion of sportsmen.

We shall miss Walter Dohm, who holds the American half-mile record; and the absence of W. C. Downs will give some other quarter-miler a chance for the first time in two years, and we shall also miss H. L. Williams, who was the first American to create a world's record over the 120-yard hurdles. A F. Copland, who at one time, only three or four years ago, was unbeatable over the hurdles, has probably retired permanently, and so most likely has Cary, the old Manhattan sprinter, whose performances created more disputes than any athlete that ever wore a running shoe. One old-timer, however, will be in working order, *i. e.*, Carter, the N. Y. A. C.'s distance-runner, who seems to have a renewal of youth just often enough to keep him in good trim.



"VALKYRIE."



"BRITANNIA."

THE WINNER OF THE 100 YARDS RACE appears to be creating the greatest amount of speculation, and it must be confessed there is ample room for it. There are Stage of the Cleveland A. C., Spence of Columbia A. C. (Washington), H. D. Carr of Montreal, E. W. Allen of N. Y. A. C., and Richards, of the same club, and Buckholtz, of the Bank Clerks' Association, Philadelphia. Of these the best work this year has been done by Stage; he was sick last year when he ran at the Manhattan Field, nevertheless he made a good showing. This year he has been credited with some very fast running, which, if not quite up to the time reported, shows that he is good enough to make a bold bid for the championship. Another good man is Carr, the Canadian, who has never been able to do himself justice owing to a weak leg. Whenever he has run he has shown a great burst of speed, and as his leg has not troubled him this year, he promises to do better at Chicago than ever before. Spence was a new man when he appeared for the first time at the championships last year on Manhattan Field; he ran in good form, and was fast enough to beat Allen out for third place in the 100 yards, and was at Cary's heels in the 220 when the latter quit. He is reported as being in the best form, and if he is there will have to be some fast running to beat him. Allen, very likely, has not improved so much as Spence, and could not expect to change the order of last year to any material extent. Richards seems hardly fast enough, but he has a way of running on the day of the race in form such as he has never shown before. Stage's fine work the other day rather makes him slightly the choice, with Spence not far off. Carr's leg has never permitted our seeing just what he can do. There is very little to pick between any of them, and the sport should be fine. Allen should have a good chance at the quarter, and it is more than likely he will confine himself to that event. As he has come within a fraction of a second of the 300-yard record, it is fair to presume he will make a good showing in the 440.

THE SAME MEN WILL MEET in the longer sprint—220 yards, and they are on about the same terms, with the exception of Allen, who should be better at this distance. There are not likely to be any new records in either of these events, the present ones being placed up beyond the reach of any but a world-beater.

There will be a number of new men in the middle distances, and especially in the quarter. But of them all the only ones in the quarter known to have qualifications worthy of particular mention are Waldron of Montreal, Allen, and Skillinger of the Chicago A. A. Stage has run a pretty good quarter, though not in time that entitles him to enter the event at the championships. Last year he ran, and was entirely outclassed, but he was not well on the day. Skillinger has done nothing brilliant, and unless he has made great improvement over last year cannot be a dangerous factor. There does not seem to be a great amount of talent in this event. Waldron has run for several years, and can always be depended on to make a good race in either the half or quarter. In the former he should not win against Turner, and will undoubtedly confine himself entirely to the quarter, which he has already run close to 50 seconds. It should be a hot race if Waldron and Allen come together in this event.

THE HALF-MILE APPEARS TO BELONG to Turner without a doubt if he runs in the form he has been showing the last few weeks. He has touched 1.58 and a fraction once or twice, and that is quite beyond any half-miler now running. Turner makes his pace with great judgment, and is a strong repeater. It is even possible he might go into the quarter as well, and he would come very near winning it if he did. There are no other middle-distance men except Corbin and Hubbell, both Harvard men, and the former the Intercollegiate champion, and Morris of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., whose performances entitle them to much consideration. None of these should take first, though they will make a great race for the place. Besides these there are Winslow and Billings of the New York Athletic Club, but neither has shown the speed of any of the others. Last year several of the Harvard men turned up on Manhattan Field representing as many different clubs, but no one has heard as yet of any of this year's Harvard's crop of quarter and half milers having gone into clubs likely to be represented. Several of the sprinters joined clubs in and about Boston, but none of them is likely to be sent to Chicago. The one who is likely to upset calculations if he competes is H. L. Dadmun, the young man who won the quarter-mile championship two years ago at Washington. He has run equally as good a half, but not fast enough to beat Turner, and would make considerable of a change in results were he to start in the quarter. Whether he will go to Washington is a question. He belongs to the Worcester Athletic Club, and it has not heretofore gone to the expense of being represented at the national championships.

IT IS ALTOGETHER LIKELY that we shall see some upsets in the distance runs—mile and five mile. Conneff, Day, and Orton are the men expected to win, although, if the last-named is in no better form than he has shown recently, he will be defeated by one or two others not down on the cards as winners. Orton will likely enough confine himself to the mile, since it is out of the question that he could have got himself in form for the five after his evident lack of condition in his races at the Boston A. A. and New Jersey A. C. games. If he has reached his true form it would be a grand race with Conneff or with Day in the mile. After quitting at the New Jersey A. C. games it may be that Day will be too disgusted to go to Chicago; but if he does, his condition will be the best of the three. It is out of the question to count on him in a race, and therefore impossible to talk of results. If he will only stick to his work he ought to win the five miles from Conneff. Conneff was by no means in condition on Labor day to run a bruising four-mile race, and it is doubtful if in the short time between the two dates he can fit himself to do his best work at five miles. It would not surprise me if Conneff went "off" altogether; he looks too fine, and has no reserve to fall back on. We should all like to see him remain in the grand form he has shown lately, and make a new five-mile record. Hjertberg may always be counted on for a good honest race, and he and Walsh will both go by Orton in the mile if the Canadian's form has not improved. Carter in the five miles will hardly get a point if the three stars are in form.

There is some talk of E. W. Bacon, the Englishman, competing in these events, but we shall believe it when we see him on the mark. He is a good 'un, with a record below 4.20, but he will find himself in very fast company, and it is doubtful if he can stay with it.

The walks this year should become practically a duel between Liebgold and Shearman. The former came up like a skyrocket last year, and it remains to be seen if he proves less fleeting. Shearman is in good form and a square walker. He has always been our choice over any other when he is in form to do himself justice. It is to be hoped we shall not again see Meek, the whitewashed professional, walking as an amateur. The Detroit walker, Magee, is an uncertain entry, but he should not win from either of these men.

THERE IS NO HURDLER WHO HAS SHOWN form approaching Puffer over both high and low except Van Ingen, who is not apt to be seen, and it will be probably a race only for second and third. In fact, the prospect for close work over the sticks is not promising. Morrell is under the ban issued against Seventh Regiment athletes and cannot compete, and Goff and Schwegler are the only other good men remaining. Goff had better reserve his energy for the broad jump, in which he will meet the world's champion, Reber. This promises to be a hard struggle, and Goff has a good chance of winning.

Mitchell, Gray, Schwaner, all of the N. Y. A. C., and Sweeney may easily be written down winners of the 16-lb. hammer and 56-lb. weight, 16-lb. shot, standing high and broad jump, and running high jump, though in the latter Herrick will give a good account of himself. Giannini will add to the N. Y. A. C. points in the shot. None of these field events were interesting last year from the fact that these three men outclassed all the others. If Philadelphia sends out the several good men within her gates, some of the contests will have greatly added interest, especially in the pole vault. Rodenbaugh and Buckholtz have both done eleven feet, and the former nearly six inches more. Unless Luce of Detroit should at the last determine to compete, these two will have it all their own way.

After all, the greatest interest of the meeting promises to be in the development of new men.

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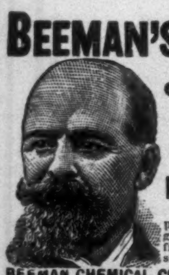

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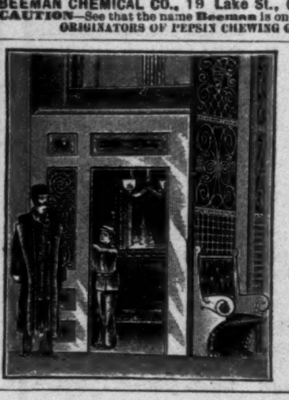

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tatives making an all-round comparison of the four boats, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, *Colonia*, and *Pilgrim*, of the greatest difficulty. Ordinarily the New York Yacht Club cruise and the several incidental races (hardly incidental, however, for this year they were the features and the cruise itself secondary) would have gone a long way towards showing the relative merits of the 85-footers; but this yachting year of '93 must always be remembered as inimical to good honest yacht-racing weather. When there was a breeze during the N.Y.Y.C. cruise, the fleet was riding snugly at anchor in harbor, and when a race was scheduled, the breeze flattened out. Even the runs from port to port, with one or two exceptions, were unsatisfactory to a degree. The very race in which two of the prospective defenders made their first appearance, *i.e.*, for the Commodore cups, off Glen Cove, was the only one up to the present writing to afford an opportunity of seeing what the boats could do in a good hard blow; and one of them, the *Vigilant*, came to grief with a smash, losing her topmast and bowsprit.

THE NEXT RACE IN WHICH it was expected the 85-footers would show what there is in them, and the first one to bring together the four, was a flat fizzle. The *Pilgrim* broke her club, and could use only her working topsail, and, through that accident, or wind-hunting, or inferiority, largely the latter, was never in the race; and the others, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, and *Colonia*, had a drifting match that revealed absolutely nothing, except that *Vigilant*, with her Tobin bronze bottom, could move along on less air than any of the rest. The next races, those for the Astor cups, were nearly equally unsatisfactory, though the *Vigilant* won finally, after failures to finish in the time allowed; calms, accidents, storms, etc., had dragged the races out almost a week after it was originally intended to finish them. Thus it came about that the cup-defenders were not in readiness to compete for the one thousand dollar cup Commodore Colt, of the Larchmont Club, had offered for a race between them at the end of the N.Y.Y.C. cruise, there not being sufficient time before the first of the trial races; and thus it came about, too, that the *America's* Cup Committee had acquired almost nothing from the previous events as a basis of opinion when the first of the trial races was sailed.

THE ILL LUCK OF THE CRUISE CONTINUED, and the opening trial race, and the one which offered the very first opportunity of determining what the four boats could do on all points of sailing, found only the two New York representatives in at the finish, both the *Pilgrim* and *Jubilee* having broken down, the first before the start, and the second shortly afterwards. The second of the trial races on Saturday last was, therefore, the first in which all four of the cup-defenders sailed straight through to the finish, but it proved only what we had learned before, viz., that in light airs the *Vigilant* is the fastest of the lot, and even that was more or less of an unsatisfactory corroboration, for the *Jubilee* made a most disastrous blunder in turning the first mark of the thirty-mile triangular race when she was leading, which let not only the *Vigilant* in ahead of her on the beginning of the second leg, but also the *Pilgrim*. However, with all the accidents and the unfavorable weather conditions, the committee must view the third race on Monday, while we are on the press, with an official perception that has been narrowed down to *Vigilant* and *Jubilee*. It is fully expected that some of the yachtsmen who follow this department will turn up their noses, and ask, in a superior way, What is the matter with *Colonia?* And I confess we are very sorry to say, if for no other reason, because her sponsor, Archibald Rogers, is one of the best sportsmen in all America, that *Colonia* has everlastingly damned her chances by the unaccountable manner in which she falls to leeward when beating to windward. The *America's* Committee could not under any circumstances afford to choose a boat which could not hold her position in windward work any better than does the *Colonia*. And who will tell us why she does? Shall we answer by saying that she is a keel boat, while her conqueror, *Vigilant*, is a centreboarder.

The eagle has required continuous repression throughout the season to keep down the exultant screech that has been on tap at every *Vigilant* victory; and further cause for gratification is found in the fact that *Jubilee*, unquestionably at least the second in this race for cup-defenders, depends largely on a centreboard in her ballasted fin for the excellent windward work she has done. If these trial races have demonstrated nothing else at this time, they have proven that the centreboard still retains its supremacy as the greatest aid modern craft can have in sailing into the wind.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S committee duty does not, however, stop short at this, and we have always demonstrated our ability to build a yacht that could eat into the wind faster and more certainly than the British. All the races for the *America's* Cup have proven the superiority of our yachts in windward work. The British designer has not been noting this advantage on our side without searching for a means to equalize conditions, and as a result the *Valkyrie* and *Britannia* must be regarded as two of the most successful yachts of the year. No other designer can lay claim to two boats that have proven so good on an all-round test as the *Valkyrie*, which, after beating everything in all sorts of weather, is coming here to try for the *America's* Cup, and the *Britannia*, not much behind Lord Dunraven's boat, which is giving *Navahoe* the only complete trouncing an American boat ever received. Designer Watson is to be congratulated on achieving the most enviable record of '93. The Herreshoffs, with two boats on which to experiment, have, it is true, turned out a fine boat in the wind, the *Vigilant*, but that does not excuse the *Navahoe's* being an all-round failure, and the *Colonia's* falling off to leeward, as though some one had a line hitched to her.

ASSUMING THAT THE HERRESHOFFS had but one 85-footer to build, the British designer, Watson, must be regarded as having achieved far the greater success, because his first has simply played with Herreshoff's first, *Navahoe*, and made such a show of her as never American yacht furnished before. Herreshoff's second, *Colonia*, falls off to leeward to so marked an extent in windward work that she may almost be called a failure, since a boat cannot be stamped a success unless she is good on all points of sailing. It is not necessary for a yacht to be a winner in order to be a success. If she is first class in all her points, she is a success. Others may be faster, of course, but the mere winning does not necessarily point out any radical error in the loser. There must be a winner, and if the losing boat shows no weakness in any particular, she can by no means be called a failure. It is not so, however, with the *Colonia;* she has shown a weakness, and a decided one at that, in her windward work. She travels like a steam-engine, and outfoots every one of the others, but she loses all the advantage it gives her by the way she falls off to leeward; she does not sail the way she looks. And this is no fault of the skipper—it is that her designer has not hit it, as he has not hit it in the *Navahoe* to a greater extent.

THE TWO TRIAL RACES HAVE PROVED at least that the *Colonia* and the *Pilgrim* cannot be considered seriously as cup-defenders, and thus brought the committee's work down to two boats. It seems unfair to dispose of these two boats thus harshly, for each is the creation of sportsmen whom we should be delighted to see in the van; but it would be unsafe to choose a boat that falls off the wind as rapidly and consistently as does the *Colonia*, while the *Pilgrim*, even though she showed greatly improved form in the second trial race, is palpably not so good as the other three, despite the fact of her having beaten *Colonia* on Saturday. *Colonia* has shown that in a pretty stiff blow she can hold her own with *Vigilant*, but in light airs and in windward work she is not nearly so good. *Pilgrim* is not equal to any of the others in any particular.

This leaves, therefore, only the *Vigilant* and *Jubilee* for the consideration of the committee, and of the two the former has so far shown the best all-round work. She has demonstrated that in a fairly hard blow she can hold her own with *Colonia* on her best point, and in light airs is faster than any other of the four 85-footers. She has beaten *Jubilee* in all kinds of weather except a blow, and on the only occasion when they had a chance to come together under these conditions General Paine's boat tore out the sheave of her middle peak halyard and was out of the race. On every point of sailing except this of heavy weather, the *Vigilant* has shown her superiority to the *Jubilee*, but it must be said in all fairness to this Boston representative that there is not a great deal of difference between the two, and many yachtsmen yet believe the *Jubilee* would prove in time, not necessarily within the scope of the trial races, the better all-round boat.

THIS IS GOING RATHER FAR, for nothing definitely may be said of *Jubilee's* heavy-weather qualities, while it is known that *Vigilant* is fully as good as the best yet demonstrated under those conditions. Had *Jubilee* been in the race last Thursday the committee would be able to finally determine on the most able all-round defender after Monday's (Sept. 11th) race. Probably they will be in a position to do so after all, for at least, should it be heavy weather, the *Jubilee* must show great superiority in order to overbalance the better work *Vigilant* has done in the light and uncertain airs that have prevailed for a greater number of the races. And yet if the *Jubilee* is much superior to the *Vigilant* in a heavy seaway and strong blow, she should unquestionably be chosen. It is well known among yachtsmen that *Valkyrie* is most formidable in just such weather; that Lord Dunraven hopes for victory on that point alone. From all we can gather, either *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, or *Jubilee* could win from the Britisher in light air, while in a blow nothing has been done yet by our defenders to make us cocksure of the result. In the moderately heavy weather of the first trial race *Vigilant* was tied by *Colonia*, which is by no means good enough a performance to give us confidence had *Valkyrie* been against the Tobin bronze boat instead of *Colonia*. What we want now is a hard blow with *Jubilee* in it. After that the choosing of the cup-defender will be simple work for the committee.

The new measurements of the cup-defenders:

	Vigilant.	*Colonia.*	*Jubilee.*	*Pilgrim.*
Water-line	86.12	85.48	84.47	85.28
Racing length	96.24	96.02	95.48	93.31
Present rating	96.80	96.26	95.48	93.45
Allowance	Allows	14 sec.	37 sec.	1 m. 39 sec.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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